THE LIVING AGE

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THIS WEEK

POUNDING his right fist on the table, Stinnes exclaimed that on April 15 of this year the agreement between the French and the Ruhr industrialists would be at an end and that then the rest of Germany could begin doing something about Reparations. Having got this off his chest he went on to say that only another war or a Franco-German rapprochement could bring Europe out of its present condition. The latter course appeared the more advisable.

* * *

Although the Liberal and Labor parties in England may not agree on certain domestic policies, they are united on the question of foreign relations. Russia has already been recognized, and they are now getting ready to buck Poincaré. But Mr. Gardiner thinks that the French voters will get after their Government in the April elections anyway. This inspires hope for better — or at least for less reactionary — things in Europe by next summer.

* * *

Even the jolliest Finn cannot figure out why people associate drinking with sociability or singing societies with beer. Consequently their prohibition law is working out splendidly except in the case of a few willful intellectuals who stubbornly refuse to believe that Helsingfors is a city of sophisticated pleasures.

* * *

Russia's attitude on the Fundamentalist dispute is a good deal more fundamental than ours, for the very existence of the Deity is questioned. Her infant minds are moulded with horrible skill to believe that there is certainly no God and probably not even a Santa Claus.

* * *

According to the wisest Frenchman who ever lived, the art of happiness is the cultivation of the intellect. Which naturally leads one to conclude that were Montaigne alive to-day he would at this moment be tearing open the wrapper on his *Living Age* with trembling fingers.

* * *

In discussing the psychology of bad taste, Paul Westheim touches on one of the eternal artistic truths, which is that genius is always reviled by the rabble of its own day and worshiped by future generations when all its claws have been dulled by time.

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THE LIVING AGE

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FEBRUARY 16, 1924

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE FRENCH EXCHANGE CRISIS

At the very moment when the Poincaré policy seemed to triumph in the Ruhr, something else went wrong, which startled French opinion more than anything that has happened since the Armistice. The English pound, worth before the war about twenty-five francs, reached nearly a hundred, and the dollar, quoted at the end of 1914 at less than five francs, went as high as twenty-three. At the same time the Swiss franc, the Spanish peseta, the Dutch gulden, the Swedish krona rose in proportion as regards the French franc. And when the French people felt their money melting away, so to speak, in their pockets or stockings, they were disturbed. Naturally they sold francs for dollars and pounds.

At the same time the cost of living went up, proving concretely that it is 'the exchange that dominates and determines prices, and not prices that fix the exchange,' as Professor William Ouald had written in *Europe Nouvelle* for December 29. The price of bread, a much more important matter to a Frenchman than to any other European or to an American, went up to 1.75 francs a kilo, having jumped several times in quick succession, and a dozen eggs cost fifteen francs. 'Talk about golden eggs,' clucked a hen pictured by the opposition daily, *L'Ère Nouvelle*, viewing her latest output, labeled 'Frs. 1.25.'

Who was to blame? Being still under the influence of the war psychology, the government officials fell back on the old reliable method of blaming the Germans. Had there not been a meeting of German bankers and financiers from the occupied territories at Frankfort on November 6? Of course they decided to throw their enormous holdings of French francs on the market so as to put pressure on the French Government. At least that is what the French Minister of Finance, Count Charles de Lasteyrie, told his frightened constituents. Then there were foreigners hanging about the Paris Bourse, spreading false alarms. A Dutchman was promptly arrested and sent flying across the border, like the Biblical scapegoat. But even then the franc did not rise. French telephones had also been used to send tips out of the country, and as they are government property the authorities took steps to stop such abuses. Finally the Minister of Finance announced that the Government would propose to sell its monopoly in matches. Being both expensive and poor in quality, the French matches have hitherto

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furnished the vaudeville performers with a stock joke, rivaling that of the mother-in-law both in age and in ubiquity, so that this announcement furnished at least a comical if not a financial relief.

'Expert opinion, however, while approving the Minister's well-meant intentions,' wrote the Paris correspondent of the London *Economist*, 'inclines to the view that M. Lasteyrie's offensive against speculators is rather of the kind that Sir John Bradbury would describe as "pills for earthquakes."' During the war, thanks to the censorship, the French public swallowed many such pills. The French opposition press characterized the Count's policy even more satirically. 'Let me say two words to Monsieur le Comte,' wrote Georges Ponsot, a former Radical Deputy, in *L'Ère Nouvelle*. 'The best way, Monsieur le Comte, to "repress the bear movement against the franc" is to have a good foreign policy and a good financial system. If the Count and his deputies had not borrowed money week by week like country squires, haggard in the morning after a night at the gambling-table, they would not have needed to "repress bear speculation on the franc." If they had tried to restore Europe and to end the war, we should not have had to fight against the dollar and the pound. But they wanted to be little Richelieus. And the franc is worth "four sous."'

'The French Finance Minister's statement on the fall of the franc,' wrote the editor of the London *Outlook*, 'oozed funk from every line. . . . I know one man here, previously a bull on the franc, who picked up his telephone and sold a million for future delivery immediately after reading the Minister's "reassuring" pronouncement.' Thus politics and finance work hand in hand. Perhaps Count de Lasteyrie was right after all about watching the telephone wires.

As to the attitude of the French Government press, the Radical weekly, *Le Progrès Civique*, wrote: 'At a signal, the semiofficial press cut loose. It was asked to denounce the anti-French campaign that was being waged from one end of the country to the other, and to prove that the fall of the franc was wholly due to German scheming. It might have asked itself whether it was not crediting the financiers across the Rhine with remarkable power. Oddly enough, our big papers did not attempt to analyze the situation. All they did — being such parrots — was to reproduce the remarks handed out to them at the Ministry of Finance or the Presidency of the Council. Not one dared to make allusion to the financial and political situation of the country. That would have been sacrilegious. How can the National Bloc be blamed on the eve of an election?'

Then, quoting a report of a committee representing the National Bloc itself, the same editorial cited as a cause for the fall of the franc the fact that the floating debt of the country is about sixty billion francs, or twice the funded debt before the war, adding that since the Ruhr occupation France has had to buy from across the Channel at high cost the coal that Germany had previously delivered as Reparations. 'Every time the dollar goes up, the price of wheat, copper, and cotton rises automatically. If Count de Lasteyrie, hitherto so serene, now gets excited, it is because we are close to an election.'

What is to be done about it? The Government has proposed increasing taxes by one fifth, which the opposition papers say will mean that the cost of living will go up that much. 'Count de Lasteyrie says that there will be no new expenditures,' remarks the weekly

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cited above. 'If this refers to the loans to the new allies, the loans of a billion and a half to Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, or the military budgets, we say "Very good." But we see the ear of the nigger in the woodpile. It is the working classes that will be pinched through the adjournment of social insurances and refusals of increases in pay for minor state employees, all the more pressing and justified as the cost of living goes up. Thus, as ever, the small folk will pay for the shortcomings of the big. . . . Don't expect the National Bloc to touch the super-wealthy.'

This interpretation of the new financial measures is strongly reënforced by an editorial in the governmental *Journal des Débats* itself, which admits that higher taxes will add to the cost of living, concluding with the observation that the only way out is to work harder and longer hours. 'How could we refrain from remarking that in every country it is permitted to work more than eight hours, if one likes?'

In the Rhineland the industrialists on both sides are also trying to get Reparations out of extra time added to the eight-hour working day, which organized labor thought it had won through the war.

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A RADICAL'S VIEW OF WILSON

GEORGES PIOCH, a French Radical writer, taking as text the Armistice radio address, ventured to say a word for ex-President Wilson while he was still alive. In *L'Ère Nouvelle*, organ of the 'Left Entente,' he wrote: —

'"Ideologist," the average bourgeois calls him. "Bourgeois!" exclaims the average revolutionist. Beyond a doubt he is both. . . . But, together with a noble moral endurance, this constitutes, if Ibsen is to be believed, the greatest of men — the man who stands alone. . . .

'The bourgeois used to say, "Hail to our victory!" and this will declare the war of the future. The revolutionists shout, "War against war!" but with an accent that will not allow peace to become a living reality. With both groups war feels at home.

'From the retreat of his premature old age, from the couch to which his crippled body condemns him, Mr. Wilson has spoken. And temptation to express the opinion of the majority, to comply with what the situation requires, the desire for popularity, — this popularity of which he has inhaled all the bitterness after all the incense, — cast not the slightest shadow of a care on him.

'To the people who are his people and who twice elected him he has said, in substance: "You could serve Peace and in time prepare the advent of a humanity which would transform us and redeem us from the burden of our crimes. You have only attended to business. Your mercenary spirit has established your limitations."

'Sanctimoniously and in cowardly fashion they reply: "We are prosperous."

'"But the time is coming when not only your soul, but your breath, even your life, will be gone. And you will be overcome by War, which you have refused to kill. Ignoble people, glorying in your treason to humanity."

'At the end of his life, as well as of his renown, a man standing alone has said that, face to face with his people and face to face with the universe. . . .

'And what wretches we are not to have been the least surprised that these unexampled words have received less display in our own press than the latest word-spill by M. Poincaré or the most recent assassination honored

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with display by our "straight patriotic" newspapers.'

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FASCISM AS A SPIRITUAL FORCE

'ITALY is the centre of Europe,' Signor Benito Mussolini, the Italian dictator, declared to a correspondent of the London *Spectator*, and Fascism is a fountainhead of spirituality. To the first issue of the above weekly for this year he contributed the following message 'To the People of England': —

In order that Fascismo may be properly understood, it must be considered as a movement having a profound spiritual significance.

Its political manifestations have undoubtedly been both far-reaching and decisive, but they do not constitute the whole of its meaning.

Italian Fascismo was not merely a political revolt against those outworn and incapable governments which had become a menace to the development of Italy, and under whose rule the authority of the State had fallen into decadence and decay. It was also a spiritual revolt against old systems of ideas which were bidding fair to corrupt the sacred principles of Religion, of Patriotism, and of the Family.

As a spiritual revolt, therefore, Fascismo was a direct expression of the people of Italy. Soldiers back from the trenches, middle-class folk, and work-people were among the first Fascisti, and this original character of the movement has never been lost sight of — and never shall be.

Now, and henceforward, in the work of reconstruction and in the restoration to a great national society of essential values, Fascismo is working with a soul of iron to strengthen in the people of this country those virtues of devotion and discipline from which as a movement it derived its first strength.

Whoever has eyes keen enough to read into the heart of Italy's story will be able to understand and appreciate Fascismo.

Those who know neither Italy nor her history, and who remain untouched by the purity and greatness of spiritual things, will never understand.

Calling this effusion by the Black Shirt chieftain 'Eyewash,' Lucio, the topical rhymester of the Liberal *Manchester Guardian*, took it as a text for the following mock invocation: —

Ah, woe is me! I am a clod;
I do not understand
The beauty of the Fascist rod
That rules Italia's land.
Strange, is it not, that I should doubt
The Prophet and his Light?
O Mussolini, help me out
And cleanse my darkened sight!

Oh, rid me of this foul mirage
And point the higher course,
That I may see in sabotage
A spiritual force!
Teach me, O Fascist King of Kings,
The beauty of the broil,
The purity of cudgelings,
The truth of castor oil!

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RETURNED SWEDISH TRAVELERS

WHEN Archbishop Söderblom of Upsala arrived home in Sweden from his recent tour of the United States he was promptly interviewed by the Swedish reporters. Prohibition in the United States he called 'a heroic act of moral self-protection,' and, though he admitted that there are both wet and dry States, he considered the law as a step in advance. On this subject he complained of misquotations by the American press, but maintained that there is much to be said also for the Swedish system of control. During the seventy-two days of his visit he conducted forty-eight religious services in Swedish or English. Of the latter he recalled most vividly the one in Appleton Chapel at Harvard. The most remarkable personality he had encountered, he said, was that of Herbert Hoover.

Doctor Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer who last spring passed through

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the United States on a lecture tour, the proceeds of which were to be used for the publication of his studies in Tibet, arrived home for Christmas after a trip which encircled the globe. The most interesting man he met in the United States, he said, was Henry Ford, in whose plants he spent two weeks. China, he said, was the most interesting country he had traversed. The feeling against foreigners he found to be intense and on the whole justified.

On the thirteenth of November he left Peking in an automobile, crossing Mongolia as far as the Siberian border — a trip of over two thousand kilometres through snowy deserts — without mishap. The rest of the journey he made in a modern sleeping-car on the Siberian Railroad. At the railway stations, at least, he found no shortage of food, and in the cities he did not note any traces of revolutionary violence. His record as a baiter of the Russian bear being well known, he traveled at first in strictest 'incog' and upon his return declined to express himself on political questions. But he had noted that 'scientific life is stirring in Russia, extending away down into society. The peasants in the country districts are beginning to learn to read and write. They too want to follow events, and the desire for education is reaching wide circles. Among the scientists there is an eager desire to renew relations with Western European civilization, and I intend, for my own part, to do all I can to act as intermediary between them and their colleagues in the West.' He had also noted throughout Russia a strong sympathy for the sufferings of Germany — a sympathy which has even taken the form of a collection of funds.

In Petrograd Doctor Hedin visited the old Imperial art gallery, the Hermitage, and was able to report that the rumors of a destruction of its art treasures are unfounded. Nothing has been disturbed, and of the twenty-eight Rembrandts all are in their old places. The Russian army he believed to be in better shape than under the Tsars. During his travels in Russia Doctor Hedin was the semiofficial guest of Soviet Russia. In Moscow he had a two-hour talk with Chicherin and was even asked to deliver lectures to workingmen.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN FRANCE

L'Europe Nouvelle advocates woman suffrage, under the title, 'French Women Must Vote in 1924,' with the same arguments that have already persuaded the public mind in America, Great Britain, and Germany. Its editor says: 'Some may regret such a revolution. We believe it undoubtedly constitutes one of the greatest steps forward by humanity since men began to live, labor, and suffer together.'

In fact, the proposed 'family vote' is designed to fit in with the new situation created by woman suffrage. The text of the resolution adopted by the Chamber, with the support of the Cabinet, is: —

> Article 1. The right to vote belongs to all French citizens, men and women, more than twenty-one years old.
>
> Article 2. The father of a family shall possess the right to vote for himself and for his minor children of both sexes. . . .

The French Senate is said to be opposed to woman suffrage, because it 'fears the unknown.' 'Would it not endanger the Republic to grant the vote to women, and thereby give an advantage to reaction and clericalism?' The present bill will give the Parliamentary vote and the right of election to the Chamber of Deputies to women over twenty-five. A similar bill, adopted by the Chamber five years ago by 344 votes to 97, was rejected in the Senate.

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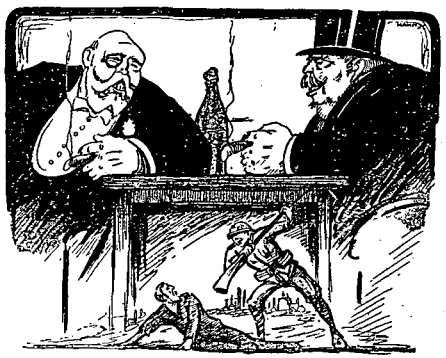
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

THE outcome of the Ruhr occupation, discussed in this issue by Hugo Stinnes, is pictured by Alb. Hahn Jr. in the Amsterdam *Notenkraker* as an agreement between the French and German steel and coal magnates for mutual business profits. 'It is exactly Hugo Stinnes and his friends who would profit considerably from an acceptance of the Stinnes propositions,' Arnold Rechberg wrote to the Paris *Journal des Débats* in defense of his own plan.



THE HEAVY INDUSTRIALISTS: *All's well that ends well.*

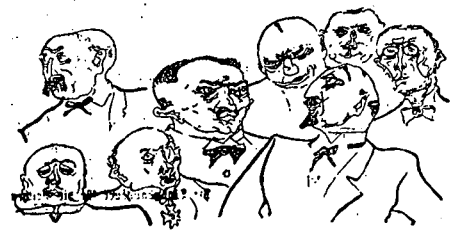
How the hopes and purposes of the young men who, in 1914, set out to make 'the last war,' or a 'war against war,' have been thwarted, a cartoonist of the French Radical daily, *L'Ère Nouvelle*, pictures in an awakening of the dead, entitled 'Ten Years Later': —

THE MAN OF 1914: *I must have been dreaming.*

With the Russian revolutionary government on the point of being formally recognized by the principal European Powers, the opposition in Scandinavia makes its last stand on the ground of religious persecution. The following cartoon by 'Blix,' printed in both the Copenhagen *Berlingske Tidende* and the Swedish *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, takes as text a report that the Soviet Government has opened churches for entertainment purposes, such as moving pictures and dancing: —

STRANGER: *Has there been a Te Deum?*
NATIVE: *No, a Thé Dansant.*

The advent of a Labor Government in England has been hailed with new hope by Radicals throughout Europe. The reactions in professional diplomatic circles have not been so favorable. The Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna pictures the gloom over a diplomatic gathering: —



In Greece the King gets 'fired,' and in England a Labor Government is in power. — No, gentlemen, life is not what it used to be.

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STINNES ON REPARATIONS

BY FERNAND DE BRINON

[The importance of whatever Hugo Stinnes, admittedly Germany's greatest industrialist, may choose to say on the subject of Reparations need not be emphasized. As a rule he is difficult of approach, and the interviews he has granted have been few. The following article receives increased importance from the fact that it was revised and approved by him before publication. The interview took place at Mülheim-sur-la-Ruhr on January 6.]

From *Journal des Débats, January* 11
(Paris Conservative Literary and Political Daily)

I HAVE just seen M. Hugo Stinnes at his home. Once he had agreed to meet me, everything went very smoothly. For two entire hours I talked with this 'magnate' of Germany, this modern feudal baron, this overlord of heavy industries, as he is called *ad lib.* I have quizzed him; he has replied to me. I have heard him explain, carefully and slowly, his ideas of Reparations, with the gravity of a physician prescribing for a patient an indispensable regimen. He appeared to me to be straightforward, reliable, and frank. I am certain that M. Herriot, though he sees the German industrialists with romantic eyes, would not have seen M. Stinnes in any other light. . . .

A large house, in no way different from the others on the Rue de Château, Mülheim-sur-la-Ruhr, one of those dwellings which might belong to a lawyer, a doctor, or a retired business man in one of our own provinces. In this house, a small room; ordinary paper on the walls, some photographs, a marine view, a narrow desk, a telephone switchboard with a number of buttons, — the only visible indication of the master's vocation, — a round table covered with a figured tablecloth, and outside the window the open plain, with its smokestacks, the River Ruhr making a gray ribbon on the white background of the snow — such was the setting of the scene. Hugo Stinnes — seated across the table from his interlocutor, dressed in a black suit, with a black necktie and a high, stiff collar, black beard, shaggy and dour eyebrows, black hair with a reddish tone and extraordinarily fine, cut pompadour style, his head set deep on broad shoulders — gives the impression of gloomy strength. At first nothing seems to stir in this strange physiognomy. His eyes, whose long lashes are oddly curled, look straight ahead. Then, as M. Stinnes speaks, without any other gesture than the alternate opening and closing of his fists on the table, one feels the presence of a stern and proud individual. He is a man one listens to. He makes one think of Walter Rathenau, who was so unlike Stinnes and who yet said in a different way things so similar.

Rathenau was a kind of fanatic. He prophesied; he glowed with a desire alternately to convince, to charm, or to startle. He also talked of industry, labor, production, economic agreements, but he said: 'The Reparations problem interests the entire world. . . . It must be settled in a world conference. . . .' He would threaten us with the judgment of humanity. He had an international vocabulary. Hugo

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Stinnes restricts himself to realities. He says: 'We should settle our affairs. We have to agree. Great interests are at stake.' The phrases of Walter Rathenau danced like the balls of a juggler. Sometimes he dropped one that he wanted to take back. Stinnes, on the other hand, builds up slowly, block on block, the foundations of his plan, and after each set of ideas he stops, as though to pour in the binding cement.

I said to him: 'M. Stinnes, I wish you would explain to me what you think of the agreements that have been concluded between the forces of occupation and the German industrialists. I should like to know your views on the settlement of Reparations, on the future relations between Germany and France, and, if possible, your opinion of the plan brought to Paris by Arnold Rechberg.'

While I stated these questions he looked me straight in the eye. At the name of Arnold Rechberg his stern face relaxed in a smile. Then he spoke: 'I think,' he said, 'it is a serious risk for the agreements yet to be concluded to discuss certain things in public. It is a fault of our epoch that has frequently upset negotiations which might otherwise have succeeded for the general good. I shall speak to you, but on the condition that you send out nothing without having submitted it to me first, and without having eliminated what ought not to be published.' I promised to submit to him my copy.

'The agreements concluded,' he began, 'are already a start toward Reparations — the first step toward a settlement. But their effect, as you know, is to put on the backs of the industrialists and the companies of the Ruhr the burden of a debt which is owed by the Reich, and of which every part of Germany ought to carry its share. Naturally we are unable to pay for the whole country the Reparations due to France.

'We have agreed to do it for a limited period, and already our businesses are in danger, threatened with a cessation of work through lack of money and lack of confidence.

'Our financial resources are dwindling. Our cash reserves are petering out. We can get no credit for two principal reasons: first, because through our agreements with the occupying forces we are henceforth as individuals held responsible for the debts of the entire country; and second, because no credit is granted to the industrialists of a State whose frontiers are not definitely fixed.

'However, until next April 15, we have taken on this burden and its dangers. Our people were without work and without food. They had to have both, and thus we had to approach a settlement of Reparations.

'But' — here the right fist of Stinnes hammered the table as he spoke — 'April 15, 1924, is the extreme limit. Between now and then we have to reach a firm and sincere agreement. Everything has to be done to facilitate such an agreement. If it were impossible to agree, we should have to ask toward what future we should be drifting.

'In any event, we should have to cease working and producing, through the lack of supplies. It is neither just nor possible that a few individuals should be picked out to pay the debts of a nation. And I add that our working conditions are at the present time all the more precarious as the transportation system is insufficient. The whole traffic of this region, which was, as far as the railroads were concerned, the most complicated in the whole world, is now blocked and disorganized. All kinds of business suffer. How can

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we work, how can we produce, if we do not have the necessary tools?

'In my opinion, our principal resources and our only possibilities lie henceforth in work. With our colonies we have lost our property across the sea, as well as the income from it. At the interior of the country we still have our industry intact. It constitutes our wealth. It is the means of our recovery and of our liberation. We therefore must make all the greater use of it, intensifying the productivity of this instrument. In one word, we have to produce.

'It is a big effort we have to make. In order to ask it of us employers, as well as of our workingmen, we have to know precisely for what purposes it is demanded. If it is going to bring about less depressing times, it will be made. If it is the result of an agreement settling Reparations, an agreement which would relieve the whole world, it is possible, but' — here he struck the table again — 'it must be concrete — that is, based on reality.

'How do I envisage this effort? I will tell you.

'I do not believe, personally, that Germany will be able to pay you any tremendous sums of money. I believe that her only possibility is to pay in goods. The wealth of one country cannot be transported directly into another country. That is why Rathenau's idea, which underlay the Wiesbaden agreements, had something sensible about it; but the stipulations were neither precise nor well conceived. They were quite bothersome, for instance, in the negotiations I had with M. de Lubersac.

'To solve the problem right we must find, to begin with, the goods that a country can supply and those which other countries can with benefit receive.

'France, Italy, and Belgium can accept chiefly coal, coke, and chemical products.

'It is my opinion that the Governments ought first of all to settle between them the annuities. They ought to fix in terms of annuities the value of the goods. This figure should be calculated in gold, and the annuities agreed upon should be covered by long-term contracts — twenty or thirty years — drawn up between the industrialists of the contracting countries.

'Follow my idea. Thus supplies of fuel, chemical products, and so forth, would be paid for at the German mines or factories by the Government of the Reich. They would be delivered to the consumers, industrialists, or farmers of France, Belgium, and Italy, who would pay their own Governments for them, the amounts being credited on a special budget for Reparations.

'In any event, my impression is that these long-term contracts should be agreed upon between the industrialists themselves, and not by the Governments. I will explain. The settlement of the amount of the annuities would be the business of the Governments. The payment of these amounts through the delivery of goods would be the business of industrialists and financiers. It is furthermore beyond question that the industrialists of the Ruhr and the Rhine, who naturally will be the ones to supply the greater part of these goods, ought to be assured that they will be paid by the Reich. At this point it is possible to imagine that the Reich would use for this payment the income of certain taxes, which ought to be collected and held by a special institution possessing the requisite confidence and security. It is absolutely necessary that we should be assured that such agreements would work. If this were guaranteed, we would pledge ourselves to fulfill them.' . . .

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'Permit me to remark,' continued M. Stinnes, 'that I have the impression that you have at times made the error in France of being satisfied with a paper, and with a signature, without asking yourselves whether the stipulations in the paper could really be executed, and whether the signature, under such circumstances, had any value. Thus treaties can be made that may be interesting from a juridical point of view; but what value do they have if they are worth no more than the promises of the Bolsheviki?

'Thus it happens that Governments do not know the meaning of a signature. As far as I am concerned, whenever I sign anything it means that I will make good, and if I sign it means that I know that I am able to make good.

'That is how I look forward to a settlement of Reparations. The advantage of such a plan would be enormous. It would go beyond its immediate object. It would restore everywhere the confidence required for business, for the security of life, for our well-being. I am certain that the mere fact that we Germans and Frenchmen appear agreed before America would open to us at once considerable perspectives. At the present time we are refused every kind of confidence, every kind of credit. My son is at present in the United States. He realizes the situation. Those of us who formerly had good credit in the United States do not find anyone to loan us money, because here we are substituted for the Reich in the settlement of its debts. What have we become in the eyes of those far-away capitalists who are not involved in our quarrels? We are what formerly countries like Mexico or Cuba were to us. We shall not be loaned money, to be wasted and to be used to make war on each other, but the money is there, waiting for investment. As soon as we are reconciled and in agreement it will be loaned to us on terms which will be surprising. I am convinced that there are not at present any other difficulties between the United States and you or between the United States and us.

'That is why — and I express here my interest as a German, which is also, I think, your interest as a Frenchman — we have to try loyally to find a reliable method for the settlement of Reparations. We ought to profit by the possibilities open through the negotiations and agreements with the occupying authorities. Time is short. We have but two choices: either to solve the present deadlock through a new war and new ruins, or to work for peace through a firm agreement between two countries which cannot remain hostile to each other forever. My efforts are for the second choice.'

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POINCARÉ AND THE BRITISH LABOR VICTORY

BY A. G. GARDINER

[*Among the political writers of present-day England the former editor of the Liberal organ, the* Daily News, *occupies a high place. To* The Nation and the Athenæum *he will henceforth contribute a column headed 'Life and Politics,' instead of his customary weekly political articles, of which this is the last.*]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, December 22*
(London Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

Colonel House said to me some three years ago that he expected the recovery of the world from the shock of the war to begin in 1925. The basis of his calculation was that not until that year would there be a concurrence of Liberal Governments in power in the chief countries of the world, and that until that concurrence came about there could be no decisive movement in the direction of peace. The main factors of his forecast were that the French election of next spring would disclose a more reasonable frame of mind in France, that the Presidential election in the United States next November would witness the collapse of the wave of reaction in America, and that a Liberal revival in England would before then be assured.

At the time, I remember, I thought the forecast unduly depressing. It seemed to rely too much on the complexion of Governments, and to allow insufficiently for the impatience and enlightenment of peoples. But with the experience of the past three years in mind most of us would now be satisfied if we could be confident of the fulfillment of Colonel House's forecast.

The first condition of fulfillment has been happily accomplished. Whatever Mr. Baldwin's afterthoughts on the disaster he so light-heartedly provoked may be, they will be tinged with one cheering reflection. If he, in the language of the prize ring, 'took the count' himself, M. Poincaré was also knocked to the ropes by the same blow. Mr. Baldwin is doubtless sorry for himself, but he would be more than human if he were sorry for M. Poincaré, whose prancing career he had vainly tried to curb, and who had treated him as a negligible schoolboy who signed any communiqué that was presented to him.

M. Poincaré may be forgiven for having assumed that this country had ceased to matter. Between the raucous applause of the Rothermere Press with its refrain of 'Hats off to France,' and the timid and almost apologetic remonstrances of successive Governments, it was reasonable for him to conclude that the main current of British opinion was with him. Accustomed to the subservience of his own well-drilled press — in regard to which the new Russian revelations of its incredible venality deserve attention — it was natural for him to suppose that the latitude allowed to the Rothermere Press to preach subjection to France was an unmistakable index of the mind of the country.

That illusion has been very rudely shattered. Nothing was more remarkable in the recent struggle in the constituencies than the strength and unanimity of the hostility it disclosed

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toward the Poincaré policy in the Ruhr and the Rhineland. Apart from the domestic issue of the election, that subject was the one most widely discussed, and it was the general experience of candidates that no question aroused more interest or feeling. And if the result was primarily a repudiation of Protection, it was no less emphatically a condemnation of M. Poincaré's strangulation policy.

On this matter, as on the subject of the recognition of Russia, there was no shadow of disagreement between Labor and the Liberals, and the new House of Commons, which will meet next month, will come back from the constituencies with a very clear mandate on the European question, with an overwhelming majority, and with no disposition to allow the interests of this country to be made the sport of a reckless and ignorant press.

It is not unnatural to associate what has happened in this country with what has been happening in Paris. M. Poincaré knew that, if Mr. Baldwin was the principal, he himself was the second, and his sudden declaration of 'invisibility' in the Ruhr was doubtless inspired by a kindly feeling for so desirable an ally and instrument as Mr. Baldwin had proved himself to be. With the return of the Liberal and Labor forces in overwhelming strength, a new M. Poincaré, milder and apparently more tractable, is becoming manifest. He has actually met a German — for a quarter of an hour! Five years after the war! It seems a small and belated concession compared with the fact that immediately Napoleon was in Elba, after having trampled over Europe for twenty years, France was allowed to meet her enemies, including the Germans, on equal terms; and received from them a generosity of treatment that makes the history of to-day seem like a reversion to barbarism.

But let us be grateful that M. Poincaré is beginning to come down from his impossibly high horse, is beginning to suspect that the game is up, and is just a shade less like Napoleon than he was a month ago. The election in this country made writing on the wall for him as well as for others — writing not seriously different in import from that which appeared to the despot of another age. He himself has an election approaching — an election that casts its shadow over the coming spring. What has happened in England does not lighten the shadow for him. We are apt to forget that there is a Liberal opinion in France as well as in this country, and that the venal Paris press is as unsure a guide to what is going on in the mind of France as our own 'stunt' press is to the real feeling of this country.

M. Poincaré is a man who has failed. He knows he has failed. France knows he has failed. And she knows that in failing he has left his country more spiritually isolated, more generally condemned, more justly execrated than any nation in modern history. He has opened the Humbert safe and found it empty, and France is left with the bankruptcy as well as the shame of his brigandage. He had hoped to reach the challenge of the election before his public were undeceived about Madame Humbert's safe, but the exposure has forestalled him, and the unfortunate proceedings across the Channel have given an example and an impulse to his opponents at a most inconvenient moment.

Hence the indications that he is shifting his ground, manœuvring for a new electoral position, and showing for the first time a readiness to modify the rôle of dictator of Europe. He has spoken to a German for a quarter of an hour. It is amazing what an emollient effect an approaching election can ex-

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ercise. It will not be surprising if, before March is reached, even a British Prime Minister will find his letters answered and his opinions treated with respect.

But it will be no part of the business of the new British Government to facilitate M. Poincaré's electoral schemes. The mass of the British people who have sent the Labor and Liberal majority back to the House of Commons are under no misapprehension in regard to M. Poincaré. They regard him as the most sinister figure that has appeared in Europe in our time. They loathe his policy, and they have returned a Parliament to power charged with the duty of defeating it. They cultivate no hostility to France. They wish to see that great country drawn out of the fatal path into which it has been led by M. Poincaré and his fanatical press agents.

They are anxious that the security of France, in common with the security of every other country, shall be established under the bond of a League of Nations in which every European State shall be included, and under which every European State will have equal rights and equal guaranties of safety. They do not want to see Germany relieved of any burden in connection with the war that she can reasonably carry, though they recognize that the savagery with which she has been treated has robbed her of any immediate power to pay; but they have no desire to see Germany wiped off the map of Europe, and no intention of allowing it. Still less have they the disposition to see a new military tyranny standing like a Colossus over the battlefields where nearly a million of their sons and brothers died in order to save Europe from the despotism of the sword.

These are the ideas which the new British Government, with the direct authority of the British people that have elected them, will come into being to express in word and action. Their concern will not be with M. Poincaré. Their concern will be with the Europe that he has desolated, with the nation he has so grossly misled, and with that cause of reconcilation of which he has been the most obstinate and most powerful enemy. The spirit of Liberalism, which is the spirit of good-will and mutual aid among nations, has won its first resounding victory since the war. It will be strange if the reverberations of that victory do not waken a response in France and prepare the way for the fulfillment of that prophecy which I have recalled.

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PROHIBITION IN FINLAND

BY DOCTOR ARNOLD HOLITSCHER

[*The only country in Europe having a total-prohibition law is Finland. Concerning its effects conflicting reports are current. Last summer the Seventeenth International Congress against Alcoholism at Copenhagen designated a committee, on which several countries were represented, to visit Finland and make a direct investigation. One of its members was Dr. Holitscher, who is a Social-Democratic member of the Czechoslovakian Parliament.*]

From *Arbeiter Zeitung, December 22*
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST DAILY)

BY a law dated June 1, 1922, all manufacture, import, sale, transport, and storage of alcoholic liquors is forbidden in Finland, unless intended for medicinal, technical, or scientific purposes. Consequently only light beer is permitted, provided it contains less than two per cent of alcohol by volume. Throughout the Scandinavian States, as well as in Finland, this beer is regarded by total abstainers, and even by Good Templars, as harmless. Personally, I did not like its bitter flavor, but some of my fellow travelers were of a different opinion. On the whole, it must be admitted that it has no really intoxicating effect, at least not on grown-ups.

In the Finnish *Landtag* all parties, with the exception of the Swedish Popular Party, voted for prohibition. The Landtag has two hundred members, of whom fifty-five belong to the Swedish Popular Party. The majority for prohibition was therefore overwhelming. The Social Democrats and the Communists have fought for prohibition with the utmost determination. It deserves to be noticed that the Finnish Landtag, in the years 1906–1914, passed with large majorities several prohibition laws, but on account of commercial treaty relations with wine-producing States these laws did not receive the necessary approval of the Russian Tsar.

From this it appears that prohibition in Finland is not something that has been put through by surprise. Furthermore, it seems unnecessary to mention that suffrage in Finland is wholly democratic — that women enjoy equal rights with men.

To us of the Central Powers, a nation-wide prohibition still seems quite incredible. What, do workmen, farmers, business men voluntarily abstain from the enjoyment of alcohol? Have they no desire for beer or liquors, no love for inns or barrooms! But that is the way things are. Even before the introduction of prohibition the Finlanders were the soberest people on the earth. They showed the least consumption of alcohol per capita, and, what is still more important, they never had our drinking-habits — those of forgathering in public houses, or associating drinking alcoholic liquors with sociability, entertainments, or other forms of community or public life. I shall never forget the astonished faces of the Finlanders when I told them that in my country singing societies meet in public houses, and have beer served at rehearsals. Such things seem to them quite incomprehensible. That beer and liquors are consumed — that they can understand. Such things are still going on in Finland. But that political or trades-union meetings, or dance entertainments, should

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be associated with drinking — that seems to them strange. Such things never did happen in their country.

Here we find the chief difference, and herein lies also the solution of the problem. In Finland public life is not, as with us, founded on the public house, or intimately associated with drinking. There are in Finland a large number of houses in which the people meet to discuss political, trades-union, or social matters. There are entertainments in plenty, but in none of these houses are alcoholic liquors served. The Social-Democratic Party alone owns nearly a thousand such buildings, though the total population is but 3,500,000, of whom only sixteen per cent live in cities. This means that in almost every village such a building is to be found. As might be expected, the powerful Peasant Party also has such institutions; but public inns, in our sense of the word, beer-cellars, barrooms, or public drinking-places of any sort, are unknown, and on this basis it has been possible to introduce a general prohibition.

In the cities there are, naturally, public hostelries for the accommodation of strangers, where food is also served. For the natives there are coffee-houses and restaurants. In Finland the coöperative movement is highly developed, and it also provides facilities in this respect. A Consumers' League, called *Elantos*, at Helsingfors, maintains in connection with its warehouses and stores a chain of dining-rooms, in which thousands daily take their meals. These halls are airy, clean, and homelike. No tips are allowed.

But what is the situation as regards the enforcement of prohibition? Here opinions and conclusions differ widely. Some condemn the law, maintaining that more liquor is consumed than formerly, that drunkenness and criminality have increased, that secret distilling and, what is worse, smuggling cannot be prevented, that the State loses its income from taxes on alcohol that is consumed freely in secret.

The conclusions of other spokesmen are quite different. They do not deny that by means of smuggling a considerable amount of alcohol is brought into the country, and that consequently the goal has not yet been reached, but they emphasize the fact that the large majority of the population consumes no liquor whatever, and that the result of this abstinence will soon make itself evident in an increased capacity for work, better public order, a diminution of criminality, and an improvement in sanitary and social conditions. Naturally it would be impossible to demonstrate through statistics a decisive improvement within one year, but this betterment would not fail to take place if prohibition were only enforced with sufficient vigor.

Who, then, is for and who against prohibition? Against it are the intellectuals, the upper ten thousand, the inhabitants of the large cities; and, since they control the middle-class press, the large city newspapers are naturally against prohibition. Opposed to prohibition are also, as already noted, the Swedish inhabitants. Presumably this is because, being for the greater part members of the well-to-do classes, they also include those interested in the liquor business. And since, furthermore, the public officials themselves come in a majority of cases from these middle classes, they are also in no wise friends of this law which they are supposed to enforce. Though I will not absolutely assert that they wink at violations of the law, many of them could be a great deal more aggressive in enforcing it. Of that there can be no doubt.

The Chief of Police of Viborg, with whom we had an extended conference,

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furnished us a typical example. Viborg is one of the largest ports, with a considerable commercial activity. Every day hundreds of large and small boats come and go. Consequently there are many opportunities for the smuggling of liquors, which in the greater part come from the neighboring Esthonia, where there is a state monopoly on alcohol. But the Chief of Police, whose duty it is to suppress smuggling, showed himself so plainly to be a friend of 'a little glass,' expressed so much doubt as to the wisdom of the law, and doubted so seriously the possibility of successfully preventing illegal imports, that we all got the impression that here a goat had been made gardener.

Who favors prohibition? The workmen and the peasants — consequently the great majority of the productive population. One of the original champions of prohibition in Finland was the Social-Democratic Party. Unanimously it voted for it, and now it defends the law both through speeches and in the press. The labor unions are for it. It is not even necessary to emphasize that their coöperative organizations are not allowed to make money out of selling poison to the laboring classes, nor were they allowed to when there was no prohibition. 'Violation of the prohibition law is considered by us on the same level as strike-breaking,' a leading labor-union member in Helsingfors told me. The significance of this is self-evident.

In the coast cities one can get as much liquor as one wants, provided one knows the location of the source of supply. Also in the hotels it can be had without difficulty, although, to be sure, at very high prices. Naturally the hotel-keepers demand to be well paid for the risks involved in breaking the law. But the very fact that the law is so openly violated proves that the officials charged with enforcing it are lacking in energy. If we were able to learn during such a short visit that one can buy a glass of whiskey and soda for 55 Finnish marks ($1.40) and a bottle of French wine for 300 Finnish marks ($7.65), then it is fair to conclude that the Chief of Police of Helsingfors also must know it and should do his duty. It is, however, worth noting that the opponents of prohibition are always complaining that, on account of smuggling and secret distilling, the law is without effect, but they never draw the conclusion that the public officials ought to devote all their energies to suppressing these violations. All they do is wail, 'Prohibition is no good. It must be repealed.'

The impression that I received is the following: the enforcement of prohibition leaves much to be desired, and an enforcement law is needed, which would compel the officials to emerge from their inactivity. In view of the irregular character of the Finnish coast — full of islands and channels — it may be difficult to prevent smuggling, but it is not impossible, especially if Esthonia would do its neighborly duty by making a campaign against illegal exports. Negotiations in this direction are in process. In any case the interior of the country is so free from alcohol that a visitor is overcome by the impression that he has at last arrived in a real prohibition country.

That the prohibition law will be repealed, or will be modified so as to admit beer and wine, I absolutely do not believe. An overwhelming majority of the people favors the suppression of alcohol. The political parties certainly would not have passed the law had they not known how popular the prohibition idea was. That the members of the Landtag themselves are strongly opposed to alcohol is improbable, and no one asserted that they were. Certainly they would not have risked losing the

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opportunity for personal enjoyment of alcohol, had they not had reasons for believing that their electors, both men and women, seriously favor prohibition. There is not the slightest basis for an assumption that there has been a change of popular opinion in this respect since 1922. Consequently prohibition is certain to remain, and gradually people will become accustomed to it. In the course of time methods will be found to reduce the violations to an endurable limit.

Among the secret means by which devotees of alcohol obtain their favorite poison is — as in all prohibition countries — that of medical prescription. The physician can order alcohol when, in his opinion, his patient needs it. Frequent use is made of this method. There are, naturally enough, plenty of doctors who do not take the law any too seriously, and who in return for money or good-will make out alcohol prescriptions for people who are 'ill' only for this purpose. Consequently the quantity of alcohol that is now consumed in Finland for 'medical' and 'scientific' purposes is considerably greater than formerly. Nevertheless, temperance workers do not complain that in this way a considerable quantity of alcohol reaches the common people. It appears that the Finnish physicians are more mindful of their duty as regards public health than are their colleagues in Norway or in the United States.

MOULDING THE INFANT MIND IN RUSSIA

[*We print below an editorial and several letters that appeared in* Pravda, *the Moscow Communist Party daily, on May 9 and 19 and July 8, 1923. They describe a competition among Communist schools and throw some interesting light upon the ideals of the Bolshevist educational programme.*]

Pravda's contest for the best Red teacher is closed. Readers will find below an account of its results. But the end of the contest is by no means the end of focusing public interest on the new Red education and its workers — the schoolmistresses and the schoolmasters.

In the years of embittered civil war between workers and peasants and their exploiters, when hunger and cold, want and disease, were ravaging the whole country, and when the flower of the workers and peasants were under arms, public instruction passed through a most severe ordeal. The schools were unheated, without windowpanes, without light; and teachers and their pupils, pinched with cold and faint with hunger, could not carry on their work.

Added to this was an intellectual crisis. The old Tsarist-Clerical school system had collapsed. A new system had not yet come into existence. The teacher, especially the public-school teacher, was passing through the same mental experience as the broad masses of the population. He himself needed retraining before he could presume to train others in the new ideals.

Now, however, the worst is over. It is obvious to all that the prosperity of the laboring population is growing from year to year. And with this material betterment has come an intense, passionate thirst for knowledge,

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the road to which has until now been barred to the laboring classes.

After the workers and peasants have swept the exploiters from their Soviet country with an iron broom, and after they have roughly transformed society, their most urgent task is to transform themselves, to train themselves anew, to destroy within themselves the ignorant, dull, and docile slave spirit they cherished only yesterday, under the oppression of their exploiters.

That is the great cultural mission of Red education, the great task of the public-school teacher and the nation itself.

For this work the public-school teacher is being trained anew. More and more frequently little Red stars of popular enlightenment are appearing here and there. To focus on them hundreds of thousands, millions of attentive and loving eyes, and thereby to imbue them with fresh and exuberant energy — such was the object of the contest.

Everyone knows that the Children's Home managed by Comrade Niziaev is the best in the Zamoskvoretski Quarter. Comrade Niziaev needs no better commendation than the letter of a certain Mother Superior of a monastery, in which, after some threatening and scolding, she says: 'Whosoever shall tempt one of these little ones, it were better for him that he were never born, better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'

Why such ungraciousness? we may ask.

Very simple! Comrade Niziaev is a Communist and turns the children into Communists. These children are organized in little groups where they form the habit of thinking along proper materialistic lines. Political education ranks first. The very daily life of the children is based upon Communist principles. They enjoy complete self-government, so that economic as well as administrative control of their affairs rests entirely in their own hands. All who visit this Commune call it 'the little republic.' Its little citizens are often seen at the factories and mills in the Zamoskvoretski Quarter, where they amaze their adult comrades by their class-consciousness and energy of conviction.

Here the creative abilities of the children unfold themselves to the full. They have made a number of models — a working factory, a street-railway car running in a circle, an elevator, and other things — which are highly valuable aids to object lessons. Most are the children of Red Army soldiers. Many were waifs picked up on the streets. Now, however, they all show exemplary discipline and comradely respect for each other.

Children's Home Number Sixteen, in the City of Moscow, and its manager are known to all the workers and all the young people of the Sokolniki Quarter. The director is a Communist, and the children under his care are growing up as Communists. And yet, they had been picked up on the streets: they had acted like hooligans, prayed to God, and cursed the Government. Now, however, one would never recognize them. They have been reborn.

The wards support actively every campaign of the Soviet Government, making reports, collecting funds, and the like. Workers visit the Home whenever they feel like it, without ceremony. The children have been accustomed to meeting people and sharing in communal activities. They have established a newspaper, the *Radio*, which they themselves write, set up, print, and distribute. More than 300

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issues have already appeared. Some of the children are already writing in the large newspapers. They print and distribute gratuitously revolutionary pictures and posters. There is not even a hint of any conflict or wrangling in the Home. They live as one industrious family.

Here is what Comrade Strunnikova has achieved at her village school of Konkurinovka, District of Mtsensk, Orel Province. She has formed a Youths' League and a number of pupils' organizations, a committee, and circles; the only holidays at the school are the revolutionary ones. Excursions into the vicinity are organized.

Comrade Strunnikova's influence upon the entire population of the village is tremendous. The young people prefer on holidays to hold meetings rather than to go to church. The old people and the blind are the only illiterates in the village. In this nest of wealthy tight-fists, there has not been a case of home-brewing on record. Church processions, too, have been done away with in this village.

The Home for Children of Red Army Soldiers in Kremenchug, in charge of Comrade Vrona, is considered one of the best in the province. The children attend to their work very diligently, draw, and study music; games, too, are fairly well organized. The change in the outlook of the children is tremendous! The children are ashamed to say, 'As true as there is a God!' They have become antichristians and infidels.

Here is a little scene from a recitation conducted by Comrade Vrona during the 'political lesson': —

'Uncle Pania, is there a God?'

'We 'll talk about that at some other time.'

'But tell us now, just the same!'

'No, there is no God. All those who believe there is a God, raise their hands.'

There are three, four, seven, and ten hands raised and lowered again.

'Now those who are against God.'

Quickly a whole forest of hands rises. There is a lusty shout of 'Hurrah!' God has lost out.

Ask what is the best thing about the Agricultural School of the Communist Party in Nikitovka, in the Donets Basin, and you will be told that it is the school society known as the Communist Youths' League. . . . At the entrance to the school auditorium there is a poster reading, —

> Chew the granite of learning
> With youthful teeth!

And the pupils certainly chew it. Ah, how they chew it! And in the forefront marches the Communist Youths' League, which unites the poorer peasant youths and the children of the workers. They are sent to this school by the party organizations and the organizations of the poorer peasants.

The school publishes a monthly journal, *Shkolnaia Nov*, which discusses at great length the affairs of the school. Then there is also a weekly antireligious, satirical paper, in the form of a broadside, the *Microscope*. Both the monthly and the weekly are edited and printed by the political-education section of the Communist Youths' League. Comrade Losev is in charge. . . .

Antireligious propaganda in the village is conducted very simply. In our village the village Soviet has its headquarters on the church square, so that the high porch of the Soviet building faces directly the church across the road. Comrade Losev a few days ago was seen to hold some mysterious consultation with the joint meeting of the school and village committees of the

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Communist Youths' League. And to-day we observe Comrade Losev in the act of hanging out in front of the Soviet building a long, long placard bearing the legend, 'RELIGION IS A NARCOTIC FOR THE PEOPLE.' And on the church fence, flanking the entrance at the right and left side, two other placards are already displayed, reading: 'COMRADE, DON'T GO TO CHURCH TO-DAY, BUT GO TO THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE: THERE YOU WILL HEAR THE TRUTH ABOUT GOD.' To-day, by the way, is Thursday of Passion Week, and the people, of course, must flock to the church for 'passion.' The Communist Youths' League, as you will observe, is getting ready for the assault, and this evening promises to cause a great deal of heartbreaking to the priests.

You will ask, How about the remaining, nonpartisan pupils? To this we can answer that the success of the Communist Youths' League has been remarkable: the other pupils are doing their very best to emulate the example of its members.

The school in the village of Petrovochka, Province of Tula, about which I am writing, is almost the only one in the entire region that people come to see from all parts of the district, as a model school. . . . I myself happened to be present at a dispute between pupils and adults, their parents, when the pupils demonstrated with burning eyes all the nonsense of ritualistic religion. From this it may be judged that religious darkness has long ago disappeared from within the walls of our school.

As regards the political life of the school, its pupils follow very attentively all the events going on in the country, and frequently organize literary evenings on the anniversaries of the most important events, such as the Ninth of January, the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Russian Communist Party, the Anniversary of the Paris Commune, of the October Revolution, and many others. I myself spoke there at a literary evening on the Anniversary of the Paris Commune, on the subject of the French Revolution. On the whole, the school watches closely the political life of our country. . . .

If every school had teachers such as ours, half of the schools of our district would not have closed.

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THE ART OF HAPPINESS ACCORDING TO MONTAIGNE

BY DOCTOR A. ARMAINGAUD

From *La Nouvelle Revue, November 15*
(Paris Republican Literary and Political Semimonthly)

For Montaigne, for Epicurus, and indeed for every man, happiness is the highest good. Pascal said: 'All men seek happiness, even those who hang themselves.' But although we are born with a natural impulse to happiness, its attainment is often prevented by education and example; and most parents can neither teach nor illustrate by example an art of happiness that they themselves have never learned.

Yet we can add much to our happiness by systematic effort, for the art of being happy can be learned, and is actually learned in many instances. Montaigne and Epicurus both teach us that happiness cannot exist unless thoughts and acts are in harmony with conscience, duty, and virtue. Montaigne repeatedly discusses, with the clarity and the precision proper in dealing with such topics, both conscience and virtue; but he places main stress on wisdom as the foundation of happiness.

The first condition of attaining wisdom — and of right living in general — is to know one's self, to study human life, and to watch one's self live, so to speak. When we really know ourselves, we speedily discover that most of our troubles, defeats, and sufferings are not due, as we are wont to assume, to ill fortune, or to the malice of others, but to avoidable errors. We are the chief makers of our own ills, by failure to reflect, by yielding to our appetites, impulses, inclinations, and undisciplined sentiments, by neglecting to guide our actions by our reason. We thus fall into the error of despising simplicity, of overestimating the value of possessions, of attaching undue weight to externals and appearances.

The remedy is obvious, though not always easy of application. It is to conquer by an effort of the reason, of the will, these exigent inclinations and appetites of ours. Montaigne repeatedly points out the way to accomplish this. His success in teaching the art of happiness explains why Madame Roland, Michaud, General Hoche, and so many others asked to read his essays in prison while they were awaiting death; why Flaubert recommended his writings to correspondents who appealed to him for advice that would fortify and calm them in distress. Indeed, the greatest of our psychological novelists wrote to Mlle. Le Royer de Chantepie: 'Read Montaigne thoughtfully. He will calm you. Read him from end to end, and when you have read him through, read him again. I prescribe it as your physician.'

No small part of Montaigne's art lies in the skill with which he discloses the most hidden and intimate processes of his own and our inner life, shows us the secret causes of our spiritual deformities, and points out the defects from which our misfortunes spring. He does not stop with counseling patience and contempt for what he rightly calls the false blessings of life, but he teaches us likewise to love the things that do have value, and to receive the maximum pleasure from them, as where he says:—

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'I had rather understand myself well in myself, than in Cicero. Of the experience I have of myself, I find enough to make me wise, if I were but a good scholar; whoever will call to mind the excess of his past anger, and to what a degree that fever transported him, will see the deformity of this passion better than in Aristotle, and conceive a more just hatred against it. Whoever will remember the hazards he has run, those that threaten him, and the light occasions that have removed him from one state to another, will by that prepare himself for future changes, and the knowledge of his condition. The life of Cæsar himself has no greater example for us than our own; both popular and imperial, it is still a life to which all human accidents may refer. Let us but listen to it, and we may apply to ourselves all that we have principal need of; whoever shall call to memory how many and many times he has been mistaken in his own judgment, is he not a great fool if he does not ever after distrust it? When I find myself convinced, by the reason of another, of a false opinion, I do not learn so much what he has said to me that is new, and from my ignorance in this particular thing, that would be no great acquisition, as I do in general my own weakness, and the treachery of my understanding, whence I extract the reformation of the whole mass. In all my errors I do the same; and find from this rule great utility to life; I regard not the species and individual, as a stone that I have stumbled at; I learn to suspect my steps throughout, and to regulate them. To learn that a man has said or done a foolish thing is nothing; a man must learn that he is nothing but a fool, a much more ample and important instruction. The false steps that my memory has so often made, even then when it was most secure and confident of itself, are not idly thrown away; it may now swear to me and assure me as much as it will, I shake my ears, and trust it not; the first opposition that is made to my testimony puts me into suspense, and I durst not rely upon it in anything of moment, nor warrant it in another body's concerns; and were it not that what I do for want of memory, others do more often for want of faith, I should always, in matter of fact, rather choose to take truth from another's mouth than my own. If everyone would pry into the effects and circumstances of the passions that sway him, as I have done into those which fell to my lot, he would see them coming, and would a little break their impetuosity and career; they do not always seize us on a sudden; there is threatening and degrees.'

Maxims of the same tenor occur repeatedly in his writings. 'Do not be unduly wise, but be moderately wise.' However, Montaigne seeks to define moderate and immoderate virtue, as where he remarks, with both grace and logic, that an excess of philosophy is harmful: in moderation it is pleasant and agreeable, but carried to extremes it makes a man savage and surly. In excess it corrupts our natural habit of mind, and its importunate subtleties divert us from the broad, plain route that nature has traced for us. Studied with measure, it teaches us that temperance and moderation are not only a rule of virtue, but the condition of all durable pleasure. . . .

With what gentle irony Montaigne quizzes the man who imagines 'that the whole hemisphere is storm-swept because it 's hailing on his head,' and mocks the needless suffering we invite by an exaggerated idea of our own importance — because 'we do not know well enough how to be but one.' We are accustomed, in a word, to imagine that we are entitled to everything, to make too great demands upon hap-

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piness, and no matter how many blessings we possess we are acutely conscious of those we lack. Instead of comparing our lot, as we usually do, with that of those who are more fortunate than ourselves, we should compare it with that of the great majority of our fellow men; thereupon we shall see clearly that we are among the privileged. *Nous sommes presque tous dans cette erreur de grande suite et préjudice.* . . .

Montaigne repeatedly expresses in a new, piquant, and often more practical form rules of life taught by the ancient philosophers, particularly Epicurus. Most thinkers of antiquity, and many of a later day, have observed that man is usually so preoccupied with care for the future that he has little leisure for the pleasures of the present. Thinking of the things he would like to have prevents him from enjoying the things that he has. Montaigne, however, teaches us to taste in the present the delights of the past, the present, and the future. Epicurus, better than any other student of human life, taught his disciples that it was always possible, and even easy if one made the effort, to relive in the present the pleasures of the past, and to enjoy by anticipation the pleasures of the future; that we might even forestall coming suffering, or at least diminish it, by opposing betimes to physical or moral pain pleasures of the spirit, drawn from the memory of past happiness. There is nothing fantastic or impractical in this, for it merely applies to pleasure what most men apply to suffering and grief. How many dwell almost constantly on the misfortunes and the injustices of the past, or suffer in anticipation the evils that they think impend!

Montaigne possesses in a notable degree the art of tasting pleasures, of re-creating the sensations and agreeable sentiments that they produce.

'I have a peculiar method of my own; I pass over my time, when it is ill and uneasy; but when 't is good, I will not pass it over. I savor and stick to it; a man must run over the ill, and insist upon the good. This ordinary phrase of pastime, and passing away the time, represents the custom of that wise sort of people, who think they cannot have a better account of their lives, than to let them run out and slide away, to pass them over, and to balk them, and, as much as they can, to take no notice of them, and to shun them, as a thing of troublesome and contemptible quality; but I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in its latest decay, wherein I now enjoy it; and nature has delivered it into our hands, furnished with such and so favorable circumstances, that we have only ourselves to blame if it be troublesome to us, or slide unprofitably away: *Stulti vita ingrata est, trepida est, tota in futurum fertur:* "The life of a fool is uneasy, timorous, and wholly bent upon the future." Nevertheless, I compose myself to lose mine without regret; but withal as a thing that is losable by its condition, not that is troublesome or importunate; neither properly does it well become any not to be displeased when they die, excepting such as are pleased to live. There is good husbandry in enjoying it; I enjoy it double to what others do; for the measure in fruition depends more or less on our application to it. Now, especially, that I perceive mine to be so short in time, I would extend it in weight; I would stop the rapidity of its flight, by the suddenness of my seizing upon it; and by the vigor of using it compensate the speed of its running away; by how much the possession of living is more short, I must take it so much deeper and more full.'

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We may well say with Sainte-Beuve that Montaigne was the 'wisest Frenchman who ever lived.' There is no more agreeable or more profitable occupation for an intelligent mind than to survey the spectacle of human life in his company. His essays should be read, reread, and pondered well before old age, or at latest on the eve of our declining years, that we may learn how to face life 'when life is past.'

In his essay entitled 'Of the Force of the Imagination,' Montaigne cites examples of the influence of the mind upon the body, and in his chapter upon the education of children he declares that the mind of the philosopher may, by its health, lend health to the body. Elsewhere he has written that mental depression is the cause of many physical maladies; and that if the people of Brazil died only of old age, as was the legend in his day, it was due more 'to the tranquillity and serenity of their minds, free from all passions and unpleasant thoughts and preoccupations,' than to the serenity and tranquillity of the climate. In truth, Montaigne's essays are a course in moral hygiene. Now medical hygiene is based largely upon moral hygiene. Many of the maladies it seeks to remedy spring from moral causes. It is through the reason and the will that we are able to resist our physical appetites and to escape many unnecessary diseases. Alcoholism, though it may appear a purely physical malady, is in reality a moral disease — inability to deny one's self a physical gratification. Numerous other ailments, such as gout, are likewise rooted in self-indulgence.

It may be argued that other books produce the same tranquillity of mind that is produced by reading the Essays. This is an error. Montaigne is the only writer who produces this effect in the maximum degree. He possesses a style of unequaled charm. The great moralists formulate elaborate rules of conduct, but most readers either lay their works aside before finishing them or rebel against applying their systematic and austere discipline. Montaigne writes as he talked. He is always present, sitting beside you while you read. He has not constructed an elaborate work; he has not written a treatise on ethics. Every now and then he drops a maxim, as if by accident, as one might drop a pin in a meadow. He surveys with you the spectacle of life in all its multitudinous variety, adding shrewd comments and occasionally a precept so well pondered, so moderate, so comforting, that the reader absorbs it almost unconsciously. Then, unlike other moralists, he cites in every page instances from his own experience; he applies his maxims in practice. His life is a vital part of his writings. His precepts are not merely on his lips, they live in his acts. Last of all, he has an original fashion peculiar to himself, of not only giving his readers rules of conduct, but oftentimes telling them how to put these into practice. . . .

What Montaigne calls a large and ample life — *la grande vie* — is not a life of conventional pleasures, a constant succession of the gratifications that wealth can give; it is a life of the intellect, of cultivating the higher faculties — that alone is the double, triple, quadruple life. At the same time, Montaigne is perfectly well aware that happiness, in such fullness as the world gives, is not exclusively a matter of the intellect, but demands an admixture of action and even of moderate, prudent, and somewhat detached participation in purely worldly pleasures.

Such is the wisdom of Montaigne. It is so true and so efficacious that every week for several months each year a dozen or so persons meet in Paris on a

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specified day, to spend three hours enjoying him together. Each member brings a copy of the Essays. One of them reads a chapter aloud, and very deliberately. Whenever an original or profound thought presents itself, it is discussed in the unargumentative, tranquil manner that he recommends.

'I can peaceably argue a whole day together, if the argument be carried on with order; I do not so much require force and subtlety as order; the order which we every day observe in the wrangling of shepherds and apprentices, but never among us. If they start from their subject 't is an incivility, and yet we do it; but their tumult and impatience never put them out of their theme; their argument still continues its course; if they anticipate, and do not stay for one another, they at least understand one another very well. Anyone answers quite well enough for me, if he answers to what I say; but when the dispute is irregular and perplexed, I leave the thing, and insist upon the form with anger and indiscretion; and fall into a willful, malicious, and imperious way of disputation, of which I am afterward ashamed. 'T is impossible to deal fairly with a fool; my judgment is not only corrupted under the hand of so impetuous a master, but my conscience also.'

Whole chapters of the ancient authors cited by Montaigne are often read. These meetings do not make the members of the circle men of one book. Even those — and there are not many — who read him exclusively can hardly be so characterized, for he cites nearly three thousand passages from the writers of antiquity, and gently persuades his readers to refresh themselves at every font of wisdom known in his day.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BAD TASTE

BY PAUL WESTHEIM

From *Die Glocke, October* 15
(Socialist Chauvinist Daily)

As an understanding of art develops, capable of comprehending the worth of art in all times and places, the more difficult does it become to account for the appearance, in every period, of works which can be regarded only as inferior artistic productions, yet which, in spite of their inferiority, achieve immense success with the great mass of the public. Merely to say that an overwhelming proportion of the people have always failed to understand true artistic merit and that there is a natural appetite for inferior art — for trash — is not enough.

Things are never so simple as that, and besides, there are too many facts that tell against such an opinion. How many plays pass over the stage year by year which are thoroughly cheap and altogether bad and which, in spite of those qualities, never even approach popular success but sink back into the nothing from which they came. Among the wastes of pictures in our Crystal Palaces there are hundreds of trivial-

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ities in paint, to which no man pays any heed; but here and there among them there are also a number of equally insignificant bits of shoddy work which are the very apple of the public eye.

Why is one banality admired and the other banality disregarded? For any man with even a trace of artistic perception, one is as insignificant as the other. Between one piece of worthless art and another piece of worthless art what can the difference be? Is it sweet trash or bitter trash? Fat trash or thin? Sentimental or pathetic? On a big scale or a little? What an impossible task it is for a man blessed with the capacity for appreciating art to make out in which particular respect triviality appears the less meretricious. For a man of ability it may not be exceedingly difficult to determine the kind or degree of the value of an artistic work; but the distinction existing between inferior works of the lower sort of art seems forever beyond comprehension. How strange it is that the mob will, as a matter of course, neglect one piece of cheap work of such-and-such form or of such-and-such structure, and yet will swarm with enthusiasm about another work that to our cultivated taste is equally doubtful. It is not a matter for mockery, but a question to be asked seriously: Are there rules and laws which govern this stupefying unanimity and of which we, who spend our days with art, know nothing? Can one investigate these questions? Can one outline, perhaps, some faint approximation of these rules?

Experience shows us that some such rules must exist. Else how account for the success of these fellows who have such infallible noses for what the public wants? These art brokers, theatre managers, authors, who almost never fail in their speculations, and these artists, too, who, with the uncanny certainty of a somnambulist, know how to attain exactly the right degree of shallowness. This is not the same as declaring that all their successes rest on artistic trickery, on the higher advertising, and on the enormous power of suggestion. For such is not the case.

It is a matter of regret — indeed, a matter of great regret — and likewise a matter of reproach to our art critics that there is still no psychology of popular taste. The landmarks toward which we must direct our course swim in unsteady outlines before us when we begin to discuss trash — prettified art, the inferior, meretricious, and the sentimentally falsified.

Works of real art exist — by no means without artistic importance — which, nevertheless, have in them certain elements that make them objects of interest to the public. The conventional salon portraits of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Hoppner — the 'ladies-and-gentlemen painters,' as Constable calls them — are examples of this mixed kind of art. Noblemen and ladies, well-born and gently nurtured, are portrayed here, not as they really appear, but as they might appear and as people are accustomed to imagine these beings of a higher sphere. The posture must be fine — must be very fine. The bearing must be 'distinguished.' The expression, just as in the Salon itself, matters less. The chief concern is that everything which does not correspond to some vague general ideal of beauty must be cleanly and cleverly worked out of these faces with a prettifying brush. Dainty cheeks, little mouths and noses, and necks revealed between a straying curl and a lock of curly hair, will be retouched to correspond with the fashion in which femininity dreams of itself as beautiful, lovely, heavenly.

Still more important is the reproduction of priceless toilettes — the crackling silk, much-ruffled lace, bands,

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ruches, and garnitures of fur, gleaming jewelry, and all the objects that give a lady an expensive look. And all these ingredients must be represented so definitely that everyone can estimate how much is hung upon this charming form, and how much it cost to hang it there. That the producers of these tailor-made portraits, as well as their admirers, value the clothing much more than the little bit of face — so long as the face does not disappear entirely — is very neatly illustrated by the habit of a well-known Parisian specialist, who makes a practice of providing — 'for the sitting only' — the gown, the hat, and the shoes in which the client wishes to be painted. As one of these clients was told, 'He sees to getting the latest thing without bothering the customer.'

The public does not want the depiction of human character. It wants a series of romantic variations, with a pretty woman, well dressed, for the theme. Then it can enjoy the fashionable world and fashionable women as it sees them in its nightly dreams. The very fact that they are so be-prettified that all traces of earth's toil and all human quality are falsified out of them makes them popular. Just as the cabaret, with magnificent fittings that might belong to a grandee, suggests the fashionable world to the shopgirl with her cavalier, so the public, through painted decorations of this sort, is raised to spheres otherwise closed to it.

One may also assume that the average man's taste demands beauty, or, to state it more accurately, prettified reality. He also demands realism. The man in the street is offended if the artist attempts an 'untruth,' if the painter, as our captious critic loves to say, 'has done something false' — if, in the opinion of this beholder, an arm is too long, or a leg too short, or a thigh too broad, or a shadow too violet, or the sky not quite blue enough, or a meadow not so green as it ought to be, or a motion rendered with too much vigor. As a man of taste he simply 'cannot admit' that the world can appear in such or such a way; and as a man of experience he regards it as rank treachery directed against himself that a model should ever have ventured to appear quite other than the way it pleases him to imagine. In cases like this he feels cheated in exactly the same way as if someone had tried to give him bad weight or short measure.

On the other hand the artist, with all his striving for realism and truthful exactness, must not go too far. The picture, the statue, the novel, must not be 'unnatural,' whatever else they may be; but if some enthusiast ventures to depict real life in naked and unadorned exactness, if Courbet ventures to depict a stone-breaker, or Zola a drunkard, or Ibsen a degenerate, with the exactness of an anatomist over the dissecting table — why, that is nothing but shamelessness. What would happen if people began to roll in the mud like that? If it were permitted to exhibit foulness in a golden frame, what would happen to morality, and what would become of ideals?

It is not by any means clear just what the ideals of the trash-consuming public may be. The seashore as painted by Monet or Trübner is nothing but a seashore. When it is flooded with moonlight, with a grazing kid emerging from the woods, then it is ideal landscape. A bit of woods painted in all its freshness and luxuriousness and silence is just a wood, a common everyday wood; but if among the underbrush there is a nude riding on some mythological animal, preferably a unicorn, then in a twinkling it has become a creation of ideal art. By such methods has Maestro Böcklin come under the suspicion of catering to the popular taste, and

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for a long time reproductions of his pictures were the most successful pieces of popular art.

The public wants things as they are, only it does not want them uncompromisingly as they are — not the uncompromisingly genuine, not the uncompromisingly good, not the uncompromisingly true, or the strong or the violent or the profound. It wants to be moved and to be stirred, but not to be deeply stirred. It is glad enough to laugh over five haggling Frankfort merchants, but what good is it to get all worked up over that Oswald whom Ibsen brings upon the stage?

To borrow an argument from femininity once again, a man whose wife is not particularly pretty may get a rather more satisfactory substitute when art, in poetry or line or color, depicts for him feminine charm. The public does not want the commonplace of every day. It wants diversion. Rubens's women seem too fat, those of Ingres not fat enough, too cool, too unapproachable. Here, as in everything else, the public seeks the golden mean — battle scenes not too bloody, not too terrible, not too monumental, but the kind of thing Detaille did, or Werner, or Dettmann. Religious pictures must not be too ecstatic, like those of El Greco, but we must have the Annunciation, or the Passion, or the Resurrection, simple and sentimental as in Murillo, who has been and remains the painter of the bourgeoisie. The public is perpetually grateful to the artist who meets it on its own ground, who mixes with it, deals with it.

Of the artist who steadfastly pursues his own way, concerned solely to lay hold on incomprehensible spiritual reality, the public is instinctively mistrustful. Who knows how much of the misleader lurks in the leader? Where is the yardstick with which one can measure the new ideas that he brings? Let us first have the imitator, who waters this man's ideas down to harmlessness, the imitator who has taken away their strange aspects. Such a go-between for an artist's creative vision will be joyfully received. Toward this substitute, if he is only flabby enough to disturb no one, there is no hostility.

This is also why the public invariably reverences the artists of bygone generations as the truly great, the masters. These men are comprehensible in what they seek to do. They deal with problems that were problems yesterday. One has got used to their solutions as man eventually gets used to everything. The quality that the Philistine always, and before everything else, curses in the artist of his own time is the revolutionary element, the outcry against a self-satisfied world. The public will never comprehend that art seeks a new and living attitude toward the new generation, when the new generation arrives. The public will perpetually be of the opinion that the art of older days is still good for the new and younger generation, that it is merely fickleness, impatience with the rule, the lust for change, a frivolous cynicism, and similar abominations, which perpetually drive these innovators out of the trite and trodden paths. To surpass the old masters, the masters of twenty years before — or fifty, or a hundred, or several hundred years — that is something to which those immature upstarts must not pretend. So much good art has been created in the past that the desire for more or the desire for another sort simply cannot be.

If one were to seek out in our capitalistic world the implications of all this, he would doubtless end in an elaborate investigation of the whole tangled web that is spun out of vanity, or even out of the deception of consumers under the high-sounding label of 'art' —

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while genuine art, art without any meretricious additions, without bait for the booby, can scarcely be brought home to a single individual, far less to the people as a whole.

Das Gemeine lockt jeden; siehst du in Kürze von vielen
Etwas geschehn, sogleich denke nur: Dies ist gemein.

(The vulgar, the cheap, is the mass's allure,
What is sought by the minds of the mob must be poor.)

True, all too true, this bitter epigram of Goethe's, who himself had fled the commonplace; and even in our own day no artist can discuss public taste without a feeling of bitterness. He sees it, like a parasite, fattening upon the marrow of art and thrusting out new and more luxuriant shoots at every change of fashion. As an honest man he would — if he were capable of considering the situation in strict logic — long ago have ceased to consume his heart and soul in something at which the world merely laughs.

It is the Pentecostal miracle of the spirit of art that there are always a few men on whom it has seized, men whom the spirit drives on through mockery, discouragement, and disparagement, to pour out their souls in the market place, among the haggling throng.

REDEEMERS OF THE FATHERLAND

BY RUFINO BLANCO FOMBONA

[*The author of the following story is probably the most distinguished living Venezuelan writer. He is now residing in Spain. His last work, published about a year ago, is a rather notable historical study entitled* El conquistador español del siglo XVI. *His* El hombre de hierro, *published in* 1906, *and* El hombre de oro *are generally considered the best novels that have been written in Venezuela. The following story is one of the extensive collection of Venezuelan tales edited by Valentín de Pedro, from which translations have been previously published in the* Living Age.]

Crispín Luz, María, his wife, and Juanita Pérez, who was half companion and half maid of the latter, had gone to pass some months on the estate Cantaura, owned by the Luz family.

They wished to see if the health of Crispín, who was suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, would not improve in the mountain air. Joaquín, the elder of the Luz brothers, managed the estate, and had put his brother up in the 'old house' of the hacienda, three or four hundred yards from the 'new house,' where he himself lived with his wife and children. Each morning Joaquín was accustomed to visit his sick brother.

One morning Joaquín Luz appeared on horseback earlier than usual, and evidently in great excitement. He called at the top of his voice as he approached: 'María! Crispín!'

'What is it? What's the matter?'

'You must get ready to leave at once.'

'Leave! What? Why?'

'A war has started. General Hache rose last night at Guárico.'

'But why should we leave?' asked

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Crispín, astounded at his brother's breathless haste. 'Why should we leave when all's quiet here, and will stay so for some time?'

'Crispín — in Heaven's name! You don't know what you 're saying. Listen,' Joaquín added, lowering his voice to a confidential undertone. 'I have just received precise instructions and orders from the Revolutionary Committee at Caracas. At daybreak to-morrow I shall rise here.'

'You? At Cantaura? Are you crazy? What about your wife and children?'

As he said this, Crispín's bewildered gaze swept over the great expanse of coffee groves where the red berries were already bending low the branches on the eve of a splendid harvest. He could not conceive such folly as leaving the estate just then. It so defied all common-sense that he expostulated again with his brother: 'It's a crime, Joaquín! The crop, the estate, everything will be ruined! It's a crime! Just when we could have got into smooth water with the money from this year's crop and a little saving. Now we 'll be ruined. What insanity!'

'And your family, Joaquín,' implored María, with equal alarm.

'They leave for Caracas to-day. You must hurry and get ready to be off at once.' Then, lowering his voice again, he added in an undertone: 'I ought to rise this morning. Those were my orders. But it is impossible to get the men together. It will be to-night or to-morrow. Get ready, then, for the train this afternoon.' And whirling his horse he disappeared at a gallop down an avenue of coffee trees.

María began to pack up as fast as possible. She trembled with terror, and expected to see at any moment rifles pointed at her heart and swords slashing at her throat. Juanita Pérez began to cry. Crispín was furious. When everything was going so well at Cantaura! What a calamity! A cursed revolution! And there had n't been a whisper of war!

Joaquín left behind on his departure the proclamation of the revolutionary leader. It had been published in Caracas, and was already circulating throughout the country, having been printed and distributed in advance of the uprising. It was a conventional, turgid, wordy document, in which the author swore to overthrow the tyranny under which the country suffered, to save the Fatherland, and to bestow with the shining bayonet felicity on all. He appealed to the people of Venezuela, with all the sonorousness of our sonorous political diction, to accomplish a mighty work of redemption, and summoned to rally round him all Venezuelans without regard to banner, party, or previous political and personal affiliations. The rebels called themselves the 'Redeemers,' and the revolution was grotesquely tagged 'The Redeeming Revolution.'

It was later arranged that both families should leave the next day, for it proved impossible to get off as soon as Joaquín desired. That night, in the early dusk, the Redeemers began to assemble. These poor devils were the laborers and peasants of the neighborhood, improvised cannon-fodder, predestined victims, too ignorant to read or to understand the revolutionary proclamation, although its high-sounding phrases filled them with a certain vague and uncomprehending enthusiasm. They came in silently, one by one or in groups, their guns concealed beneath their ponchos, with all the precautions of conspirators on the stage, and installed themselves in the passages and outhouses of the estate, especially in the patio of a build-

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ing called the 'threshery,' because it contained a machine for husking coffee. The more cautious bivouacked outside among the coffee trees.

At the first blush of dawn several cattle were slaughtered, and the three hundred mountaineers were soon busy roasting pieces of beef on wooden spits over a bright fire. The more prudent among them ate only part of their rations, putting the remainder in the crowns of their hats or in improvised cotton haversacks, originally white and now black with dirt. Most of the men were clad only in shirt and trousers, with coarse cane hats upon their heads, and sandals instead of shoes. A few wore tunics and double belts, in which they carried their money, if they had any. Others wore single belts, to which a leather purse was attached. But whatever the character of this article of their attire, a machete invariably hung by their side, and a few even had revolvers. The more provident had braided themselves a sort of cross-belt, to which they had attached a gourd, filled with rum or coffee according to the temperance or preference of the owner. In some instances, however, the gourd of coffee or rum was replaced by a polished steer's horn, to serve as a drinking-cup.

A few old veterans in the party made fun of the new recruits, gave them sage counsel, and related at length their own interminable and extravagant feats of war. They flourished bright sabres, which they wore in polished leather scabbards, generally adorned with worsted tassels and bright bits of metal. These weapons were curious arms, worthy of a place in a museum of antiquities, and included blades of every shape and origin, from pointed rapiers almost as slender as needles to ancient silver-inlaid broadswords that even the strongest arm could swing only with ponderous and majestic deliberation.

The other arms were on a par with these: double-barreled shotguns, single-barreled muskets, some of them old flintlocks, here and there a Winchester, and a Mauser or two, surviving from some former civil war. The only standardized parts of their equipment were the poncho and machete — the universal garment and implement respectively of the Venezuelan countryman.

Finally Joaquín Luz appeared on horseback, followed by eight or ten mounted men, his general staff, all armed with swords and modern Winchesters. Joaquín Luz was unquestionably a fine specimen of a fellow — well-built, robust, with powerful features and a commanding air. His friendly address, hearty laugh, and even his black, well-trimmed beard added to his popularity among the country people. The moment a person saw him he realized how superior he was to any of those about him and how naturally he became their leader. He wore a blue-woolen pleated jacket with a stiff collar, buttoned up tightly like a dolman, and a belt of the same cloth. His trousers were also blue. A pair of leather leggings with shiny buckles came to his knees. His horse was a spirited, long-maned, chestnut animal. A saddle blanket of red and yellow flannel fell almost to the stirrups on either side.

Both families had gathered at the 'old house' of the hacienda, and were busy tying up the last packages for their departure the following morning. Joaquín approached the group in the gallery without dismounting, shoved back his velvet sombrero, bent over in his saddle, whispered something to his wife, who was weeping like a Dolorosa, kissed his children,

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whom Juan the servant, the son of the cook, held up to their father's lips, embraced Crispín, bade adieu to María, Juanita Pérez, Juana the cook, Petronila the little serving maid, Juan, and all the rest, and whirling his horse toward the patio began to address his men: —

'Boys,' he shouted, 'I suppose you are satisfied. I don't want anyone to come against his will. If any of you does n't want to come, now is the time to say so.'

The men who stood nearest answered: 'We 're ready.'

Some shouted: '*Viva nuestro jefe!*'

'Viva-a-a-a!' shouted the crowd.

Joaquín's wife wept copiously. Even the older children, thrilled by the popularity of their father, broke into loud sobs. Joaquín, excited by the vivas and the loyalty of his followers, stood up in the stirrups and harangued them further: —

'Good! My comrades, we are sallying forth to battle. Our cause demands it; our Fatherland commands it! We are leaving our homes, we are pledging our lives, to overthrow intolerable tyranny and to establish law and justice. The enemy has arms. Let us take them. Viva the revolution!'

A wild shout of approval followed: 'Viva-a-a-a-a!'

The leader whirled his horse and was soon lost among the coffee trees, followed by the other riders and the peons.

The revolutionist's wife threw her arms around her oldest boy, and murmured with a voice broken with sobs: 'Poor Joaquín!'

Crispín added half to himself: 'Poor Venezuela, not poor Joaquín. He's happy. Don't you see how that crowd follows him wherever he leads them — to good, to evil, to death? He is like a feudal lord.'

A couple of hours after Joaquín's departure the hoofbeats of approaching horsemen were heard. One of the children rushed out into the patio and exclaimed innocently: 'It must be papa come back.'

But no, it was not his father. The newcomers were regular Government cavalry from the post at Los Teques, who had just received notice of the baby revolution at Cantaura and were hastening to stifle it in the cradle.

'Look out, Juan, they 'll get you!' shouted the old cook to her son, the only man left except Crispín. He had stayed to help the two families with their get-away.

Juan ran, but not quick enough to escape detection. 'There goes one of the rascals!' shouted a lieutenant. 'Halt, fellow!'

As the fugitive did not halt, a rattling volley followed, but Juan, who scampered like a rabbit, dodged behind some shrubbery, the soldiers in hot pursuit.

Meanwhile the commander of the troops was very courteous and considerate. He did his best to calm the alarm of the terrified family. They need not be frightened. He was no executioner. He advised them to leave for Caracas as soon as possible. In time of war anything might happen.

Juana the cook, eager to placate the officer, offered him a cup of coffee, which the latter pleasantly accepted.

But meanwhile the soldiers were running hither and thither, inside and outside the buildings. Petronila, half dead with fear, clung to María's skirts. Juanita Pérez kept praying between her teeth to Santa Rita, the patroness of the impossible. Crispín cursed the revolution. Joaquín's wife pretended to be perfectly calm. The servants wept. The official slowly sipped his coffee. Suddenly there was shouting and confusion in the distance. The soldiers had set fire to a

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straw stack near the threshery. A little later other soldiers came up carrying a body. It was Juan, riddled with bullets and breathing his last.

His poor mother, the old cook, began to shriek at the sight of her bleeding and dying son. A soldier shouted at her: 'That's nothing, old woman!' But losing all sense of fear, beside herself with rage and grief, the aged mother shook her clenched fist at the men, shrieking: 'Murderers!'

Another soldier, turning to the dying man, said with a malicious and silly grin: 'Come, my lad. You had better enlist in the service of your country.'

The old mother, catching the remark, shrieked again desperately: 'Curse the country!'

The commander of the troops, tranquil and courteous as ever, tried to calm the agitated family. Crispín, lifting his feeble body to its full height, anathematized all soldiers and their works. But the effort was too much for him. He fell back, pallid and perspiring, in a half-faint.

Finally the troops withdrew, every man carrying off a chicken, a garment, a cushion, a flask of liquor, or a kitchen utensil, anything that chanced to be convenient to his hand. And as they galloped off they roughly brushed the coffee berries from the trees, until the fragrant ripe red berries carpeted the earth, lost, wasted, and useless as they lay there like incandescent coral in the shimmering patchwork of green shadow and golden sunshine.

CARLO GOLDONI

BY BERNHARD ALEXANDER

From *Pester Lloyd, November* 25
(Budapest German-Hungarian Daily)

Goldoni — it is a name in the world's literature of whose significance few today are aware. Anton Rado, in his excellent history of Italian literature, has given a good picture of the poet himself and of his influence, but Goldoni's works are as good as lost. In Hungary, *La Locandiera* is probably the only piece that has been translated, and even this was done only when the Duse played it — to the enchantment of us all. Yet Goethe, during his Italian journey, described one of our poet's plays in a way that should stir our interest, writing, under the date of October 10, 1786: —

'And finally I may remark that I have seen a comedy. They were giving, in the St. Luca Theatre, a play called *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte*, which one might translate as "The Squabbles of Chiozza." The characters are noisy sailors — inhabitants of Chiozza — and their wives, sisters, and daughters. Their habitual uproar — over good fortune and bad alike — their squabbles, their irritability, their good nature, their stupidity, wit, humor, and the freedom of their manners, are all splendidly depicted. It is one of Goldoni's pieces, and as I had happened to be in that vicinity yesterday for the first time, and

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as the voices of the people of the sea and harbor still rang in my ears and their actions passed before my eyes, I had an extremely good time. Although, it is true, I could not understand every single sentence, I had nevertheless a very fair comprehension of the play as a whole. The action of the piece runs something like this: —

'The women of Chiozza are sitting in front of their houses by the harbor, spinning, knitting, sewing, and gossiping as usual, when a passing youth hails one of them with a friendlier greeting than he bestows upon the rest. Instantly trouble is afoot. The squabble gets out of all proportion, waxes bitterer, and grows first into mockery and then into insults, until each affront tops the other. One furious lady of the neighborhood casts aside all pretense at truth. Fisticuffs, abuse, and outcry begin and several people are injured, so that the city authorities have to interfere.

'In the second act we find ourselves in the courtroom. The actuary is on the bench instead of the podesta, who, being a nobleman, could not be represented in the theatre. The actuary has the ladies brought before him one at a time, perhaps because he is very much in love with the first of them, and — delighted at the chance to talk with her alone — instead of placing her on trial he makes a declaration of love to her. But another lady, who is herself in love with the actuary, bursts in jealously, together with the indignant lover of the first lady. The rest of the crowd follow, insult is again heaped on insult, and now the devil breaks loose in the courtroom as previously beside the harbor.

'In the third act the joke gets livelier, and the whole play ends with a quick and logical climax. The happiest inspiration is expressed in one character, who is represented somewhat as follows: An old sailor, whose limbs have become halting, while his speech has become a stutter from the hardships among which his life has been spent, is brought on the stage as a contrast to the babbling, tumultuous, quarrelsome people. He always begins a remark with twitches of his lips, assisted by gestures of hands and arms, until at last he manages to get out what he wants to say. As at best he can only succeed in uttering short sentences, he has adopted a laconic earnestness which lends the sententious note of a proverb to all that he says, and against this the wild and passionate squabbles are set in contrast. I have never enjoyed myself so much as in seeing these people and their like so naturally represented, especially when their voices begin to get loud. It was all noise and laughter from beginning to end, but I must testify that the actors had a good deal to do with this success. The women, especially, imitated the voices, bearing, and appearance of the people in the liveliest way. The author, who has created the pleasantest kind of pastime out of nothing, deserves the greatest praise. Such a feat can be accomplished only through the direct representation of these merry folk as they really are. The play is written throughout with a practised hand.'

Goethe also saw *La Locandiera*, but this seems to have been in Rome, where the women's rôles were taken by men. He gives a magnificent analysis of the hostess in the play, and he adds that this piece also is by Goldoni. Since Goldoni lived until 1793, reaching the age of 86, and dying in Paris, Goethe very likely saw other works of his in Germany, where his comedies were perfectly at home on the stage — at least in German versions. It is remarkable how Goethe, whose own nature is so thoroughly different, characterizes the little Chiozza play, while enjoying and estimating aright its national quality.

Goldoni wrote more than three hun-

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dred pieces for the theatre. He was known and loved throughout all Italy, and yet he left his fatherland and went to live in Paris, where he dwelt to the end of his life, more than thirty years later. Indeed a curious fate.

To-day he is practically forgotten. Even in his own Italy Goldoni's plays have vanished from the boards. Is it true, in spite of his great popularity and the number of his works, that he was fundamentally of small importance? Nothing less than that.

His was a brain too rich in inspirations for good comedies. In 1750 he promised the director of his theatre to write sixteen pieces during the year — that is, during the theatrical season alone — and he kept his word. He himself tells a story about this achievement. He had still one comedy to write in order to complete the promised number, but it was getting close to the end of carnival time, when the theatrical season would be over. Only ten days were left and he had not an idea in his head. What should a man do in such a predicament? Go to the square of St. Mark, of course. Perhaps he might find something there. Close by the Campanile he caught sight of a striking figure: a dirty, ragged Armenian with a long beard, who was selling in the streets of Venice dried fruit from his homeland which he called *abagigi*. When one wished to ridicule a girl who was too anxious to get married he took her a present of these fruits. 'There 's my man,' said Goldoni to himself. He went merrily home and wrote a play around this man, which he called *The Ladies' Gossip*. It was soon ready, was hastily rehearsed, and was presented on Shrove Tuesday just before the theatre closed its doors. The piece had an immense success, which somewhat surprised Goldoni. How many of his better plays had failed!

The Venetians have no sympathy for a play that strikes them amiss. Goldoni made many a failure in Venice and elsewhere, but this time the play pleased the people, and perhaps it pleased the author still more, for he had fulfilled his extraordinary promise. Certainly he must have felt extremely weary, but this did not prevent his writing a piece in verse called *Molière*, with the object of exalting that great writer, in order to contradict the critics who were perpetually comparing him to Molière. This was presented in Turin, and it also had a great success.

Then he went for the first time to Genoa, his wife's home, in search of rest, but his best public was and remained the Venetians. He could get along very ill without Venice, and Venice could get along very ill without him.

His statue in Venice is one of the best of those that honor his memory — at least in the idea which it expresses. There Goldoni stands to this day in the middle of a big square, where I have bought for a trifle many a rare and valuable book from one of the booksellers' stalls. It always seemed to me as if from his statue Goldoni looked down at us attentive and benevolent. It was only by mistake that he happened to be standing there on the statue's pedestal. He belonged to us — that is, he belonged to good Venetians. Here he had appeared with swift step, attentively observant, not with any special purpose, but simply out of the natural tendency of the man. Everyone knew him and he knew everyone. He appears to have been a man without pose — an unpretending fellow, who wore his heart on his tongue, never lost the happy equanimity of his soul, took comfort in everything or else put it away from him; a good-hearted fellow, who, it is true, was not to die a rich man, but who did die greatly be-

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loved; a careless, carefree man, who understood his fellow men, yet loved them. 'People will deceive you,' he was often warned. 'All right, all right,' his merry eyes laughed back.

Well done, friend sculptor! I do not know your name and do not want to know it, but in your statue you have caught the true Goldoni. The statue to Goldoni in Florence is perhaps more worthy, but it is not our Goldoni.

And is it true that he had no genius? Mein Gott, there is so little genius in the budget of mankind, and there are so very many men! Not every man can be a genius, not even every writer, least of all every writer of comedy. But Goldoni had many a merry inspiration, and he knew well enough wherein the essence of drama lies — in the delineation of character. He is great, he is indeed of imposing greatness, in the treatment of the comic and in the creation of characters. He sees a man's character in his appearance, and in that character he sees also his fate. He finds for his stories the characters that belong in them, or else he finds for a character a fitting story, and therein lies his greatness.

He is of charming directness. Of course, he cannot be critical. If he had set up to criticize every one of his inspirations he could hardly have produced sixteen dramas in a season. Good work and work less good alternate, but alternate in such a way that the less good is the smaller category.

He has done us the great service of mobilizing the streets, the market place, and their people, for the comic stage. His figures live. I will not pretend that his delineation of character is always remarkably deep, but it is for the most part of striking veracity, and shows no common insight into the fundamentals of humanity. His is a mighty talent of its kind, and he himself is a lovable man.

He had also a fine artistic goal. The comic stage of Italy at his period was occupied by the comedy of improvisation, the so-called *commedia dell' arte*, with stereotyped masks for its characters, such as Pantaloon, the Doctor, Arlechino, and Brighella. Pantaloon was a Venetian merchant, the Doctor a learned lawyer from Bologna, Brighella and Arlechino servants from Bergamo — the first a rogue, the second a booby. They had also a rigidly prescribed costume. Pantaloon, as a Venetian merchant, wore a black coat, woolen cap, red shirt, long trousers, and red stockings. The Doctor wore the robes of a lawyer. The mask covered his nose and forehead so as not to betray him in case he was a drinker. Both the servants came from Bergamo, where the slyest and the stupidest are at home. Their masks are dark brown. Arlechino, sometimes called Truffeldino, Gradelmo, and so on, is clothed in a patchwork of various cloths.

The commedia dell' arte had no rigidly outlined text. There was only a scenario — that is, an outline sketch of the work which the actors were allowed to fill out, as was also the clown in Shakespeare's theatre. Needless to say, the actors prepared their 'improvisations' very carefully, and to the best of their ability. The clown, 'Der dumme August,' in our own circuses gives us a kind of glimpse into such a theatre.

It was against such plays that Goldoni struggled. He regarded it as the greatest achievement of his artistic career to have banished the masks from the stage, and to have supplanted the extemporized text with a completely prepared book written down and committed to memory by the actors. It is hard to realize how bitterly he had to fight and with what various success.

Anything that is gray with age is also holy — until the time comes when it

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ceases to be holy. Goldoni saw that he could proceed only a step at a time. He wrote a different kind of work in the old manner, in order to be able to introduce the new manner. He did not slay Pantaloon and Brighella outright, but he banished them to the background, from which they eventually found their way into the circus. Goldoni is therefore a great reformer of the Italian theatre, and has exerted an influence directly and indirectly upon modern comedy, which in part is his creation.

HOKO AND MOKO

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

From the *New Statesman, December 22*
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

THERE is I know not what of stability and satisfaction in the contemplation of things very distant in space or in time. It is the echo of the words 'Far away.' Distance in space or in time is one of those characters which can present to mankind the great gift of glamour, and of things better than this world; so a landscape from mountains, so a reminiscence of boyhood.

And I for my part very well remember and dwell with real benediction upon a certain Election to Parliament which took place not far from London, in the smoke, now more than thirty years ago. It was a by-election, and upon my soul I have forgotten the names of the two antagonists, but even if I could remember them I would not, for the honor I bear their trade, print them rudely here. I will call them Hoko and Moko.

In those dear times I was myself convinced in the marrow of my being that two forces, the one of good and the other evil, were at issue throughout mankind, but more particularly in the lively and sincere air of my country. As I was young I preferred the good to the evil; nay, I was capable in those days of actually following the good instead of the evil; and with all my soul did I desire the triumph of Hoko. For Hoko was the bright spokesman of Humpty, or, to be more general and profound, of Blitherism, while Moko was the infamous servant — if sincere a devil, but more probably a lying knave — of Botherism, and Dumpty was his Chief.

In those years of gold, two only stood opposed in each constituency. The game was strict. The fight was clean between Heaven and Hell. It seemed to me — I was wrong, but it was a generous error — that upon Hoko's triumph depended the very life of Blitherism, and therefore the very happiness of mankind, and I went through tortures lasting something like a week, and increasing beyond measure as the fatal day approached, lest in the great crisis of human fate Hoko, our standard-bearer, should go down, and evil Moko achieve the triumph of the Pit.

I did not, perhaps, believe in my heart of hearts that Botherism, even

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though led by this sombre and awful figure of Dumpty, could ultimately prevail; for in the days of *our* youth justice seemed supreme and its final victory secure. Yet some premonition of those despairs which men learn much later haunted my twentieth year, and I could at least dread with a bleeding heart a long, long agony for Blitherism and therefore for the dignity of mankind — it all hung on Hoko.

Hoko, if I remember right, manufactured — or rather paid other men to manufacture — some sort of chemical food, while Boko manufactured — or rather paid other men to manufacture — another kind of chemical food.

To Hoko and to Moko, had I but known it, these the sources of their wealth were of even greater moment than Blitherism and Botherism, let alone Humpty and Dumpty, the Captains of the Hosts. But I was indifferent to their incomes; I did not even regard them as wealthy men; I saw them as one sees a dawn and darkness.

It had been arranged by one of those who owned Newspapers — and who was thought at the time very daring and very American and very modern — that a rocket should be sent up to announce the result of the count in the late evening of the fatal day. It was to be a green rocket if Hoko prevailed, but if Boko a red. And all that week I saw in my inward eye alternately the flash of green and the sudden glory of the soul; the flash of red and its catastrophe.

Now Hoko driving out with Lady Hoko in the vehicle proper to the rich of those days — which was a swung carriage drawn by two prancing steeds of matched color, the same driven by a coachman upon a box; he in a top hat with a cockade, and by his side yet another man with arms crossed, also in a top hat with a cockade — Hoko, I say, thus passing through the crowd benignantly with his spouse beside him, was the object of many cheers, but also of certain disapproval. As I heard the latter, I wondered within myself how men could be so deceived and by what infernal magic the poor had been led to deny their own champion and the cause of all our race.

Yet so it was; there were men so base and so blind as to boo Hoko and Hoko's mate. But one more wicked, more perverted, or more grossly deceived than the rest did the unforgivable thing — he threw a pebble, one might almost say a stone, which, describing a graceful parabola, — it was thrown with no violence, — landed in the lap of the Lady!

The outrage was enormous; its denunciation proportionate. I remember that one of the papers next day said words which I have seen exactly repeated this very week, 'What must a great Party have come to when it descends to methods such as these!' Hoko's stock — as we now vulgarly put it — went up with a bound, and I with my own ears heard citizens mutter that, the whole incident being un-English, they would, though hitherto staunch for Botherism, vote this time for Blitherism? all on account of the little stone.

Now Moko, hearing these things, conceived an abomination in his heart. He said to himself: 'Since a stone thrown at a lady is of such effect and can so turn votes from the Dumpty to the Humpty side, what would not more stones do?'

So musing, he summoned to his presence, very secretly, sundry young men so poor, and at the same time so degraded, that they were utterly indifferent to Botherism and even to Blitherism itself. They would undertake anything for hire. To these — not more than half a dozen in number

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— did Moko confide his project, which was that they should receive £1 apiece — and in those days a pound *was* a pound — as wages for throwing stones at himself and Lady Moko, when they should next day emerge among the populace, themselves also riding in a carriage with cockaded servants upon the box. And 10*s*. of this wage was paid upon the spot; the further 10*s*. was to be paid upon the performance of the stipulated assault.

Whatever vices might attach to the youths whom Moko had thus debauched, infidelity was not one of them, nor, for the matter of that, indifference to gain. So, therefore, when Moko and Lady Moko burst upon the populace in the magnificent carriage they had hired for their triumphal progress of the following day, they came to the very thickest of the cheering — but also cursing — crowd, when suddenly they were targets for such a flight of stones as made one think of migratory birds or the sheet of storm coming down in a slant before Imber when he thunders from the Umbrian hills toward the sea.

It was very serious indeed; Moko was badly bashed. I am glad to remember, even after all these years, that Mother Moko sat to leeward of him and that thus the greater part of the bombardment was screened from her by the bulky reality of her mate. But anyhow it was no joke; it was what I have heard called, in other days, 'the real thing.' Moko was more hurt, and more suddenly, than ever he had been in his life; more, perhaps, than he had thought anybody could be hurt. He could not speak that evening, and when he appeared again to make his last address before the poll he was in bandages.

With what result? You may well ask! Oh, unstable heart of man! Oh, thing rooted in the depths but trembling in a purposeless air! What happened was this: the citizens went about saying, — I also heard them with these, my ears, — 'There must be something very wrong about Moko, for people to feel as strongly as that!' And they shook their heads.

On that fatal night of the Declaration I went out, having felt and suffered so much for a week that I could feel and suffer hardly any more. Yet, was I expectant, tenacious of the great Blitherite vision which inspired me? And, in the midst of an abominable midnight concourse, almost crushed between many anthropoids and a wall, I saw, leaping into the air like St. Michael's sword, a flash of fire which burst — Glory be to God! — into *green!*

Hoko it was that should now sit in Parliament and be called a member thereof and make laws like a king, and carry upon his shoulders the triumph of mankind; and Moko had gone down forever.

That was all those years ago — and ever since, ever since, the poor animals, my fellow men, have been toiling, pulling the cart along through the mud and in the night; the poor animals' my fellow men — and nothing seems to have happened.

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WOLVES

BY FRANCESCA M. WILSON

From the *Manchester Guardian, November 27*
(ENGLISH RADICAL-LIBERAL DAILY)

THE first of our Western associations with Russia is wolves. Samovars and icons and anarchists all come later. Wolves following the flying sleigh — the terrified occupants throwing their mittens to them, their fur caps, their shubas, and last of all the baby — this picture is as old as childhood. Russia does not disappoint you as far as the wolves go. All through the winter wolves form a part of every peasant's calculations, and stories of wolves are still the tales that most easily draw the old men from the chimney corner and the children from play. They never grow stale, and it is only foreigners who disbelieve them.

There is the story of the man who lost fifty sheep in one night. He came in the morning to call them — his sheep were all there as usual, but they did not answer him or move. 'Oh, well, if they won't speak to me, I won't speak to them,' he thought, and went away. After an hour he came again, but his sheep had n't moved. He went nearer to them — they did not stir. The wolves had taken each one by the throat, sucked its blood, and left it. This is what wolves do when they can afford to be epicurean. When they are desperate they tear the whole animal to pieces.

Two men brought in a dead wolf to me one day. They had been driving through the forest. It was growing toward dusk; everything was silent. They had been celebrating Carnival with their friends. Their minds were full of other things, and they knew nothing of their pursuer until he had jumped into their sleigh. They threw him out, lashed up their horse, and tried to escape, but the wolf kept pace with them, and they saw it was a fight to the death. They were completely unarmed — had not even a stick or a knife. One of them seized the wolf's tail and stamped its head into the snow, while the other took the reins and tied them round the beast's neck until he was strangled. Wolves are sometimes mad, and it is so unusual for one to attack alone that the men were uneasy about the bites they had got.

The real hunter's method of killing wolves is interesting. A great hefty peasant, with yellow hair, snub nose, red face, and shining blue eyes, brought an immense wolf's skin to me once, and I asked him how he had got it. He was a hunter, he said, and one of the few peasants who had a gun. He was standing at the window of his izba one late afternoon when he saw a wolf walking through the village street. He seized his gun, called a friend, and they went in pursuit. The wolf stopped on the top of a hill outside the village and looked at them. The danger was that it would get away. To prevent this the second man went down on all fours and moved toward the wolf. He looked, in his heavy sheepskin shuba, for all the world like an animal, and the wolf ran back to attack him. When it had come to a convenient distance the hunter shot it.

When you set out on an expedition people are full of precautionary advice about what you should do if you meet

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wolves. Be sure to have matches at hand, so that you can set fire to the hay in your sleigh — wolves are afraid of fire. If you are walking, fall down and pretend to be dead — wolves are particular unless they are very hungry, and apparently easily deceived. Whatever you do, don't show fear. Move along slowly, as if there were no danger in the neighborhood, and they will probably not touch you, for they distrust humans. You start forth full of expectation, and primed with resolves as to how you will act when you meet the foe, but as a rule there is no living thing to be seen on the long journey over the white world except a few crows and magpies and, if you are lucky, a fox or two hunting for the mice that hide beneath the snow.

I was always convinced that one day I should meet a wolf, but my secret dread was that it would be an unsatisfactory encounter. I was afraid that I should see one in the far distance and never be quite sure that it was n't a dog or a human being. But the fates were kind. It was more than I had even hoped for — it was an initiation. It took me back into another era in the life-history of man.

If we really need, as Hilaire Belloc says, to do the things that man has done for thousands upon thousands of years, to sail and dig and sing and worship in an enclosed space with a priest chanting a hieratic speech, then we certainly also need to come face to face every now and again with dangerous animals, and the Russians there have an advantage over us. Our hunting of little foxes and harmless hares and grouse is probably the irritable expression of this need. In the old days there were wild beasts and men in eternal contest with each other. Now we have civilization, with the wild animals tamed into domestic cats and cows, and the ancient fight has almost gone.

But for a moment it was there again with the wolf, which stood in front of me in the road in the middle of the lonely white steppe. He moved aside and waited till we came level with him, and then began to follow slowly and at a circumspect distance. I could see the black spot on his nose and the savage cruelty of his long, slender face. We stopped our sleigh, and he stopped. We moved again, and the wolf moved. Ilia, my gentle driver, was transformed with excitement. He was suddenly a man of the Stone Age, and he thirsted for his enemy's blood as desperately as the wolf, with all his fears, thirsted for ours. Ilja whistled to him, talked to him, stopped, and wheedled him to come nearer so that he might fight with him hand to hand, or try his luck with a pocketknife. And I longed for the horses to tear away, longed to flee as hares flee — and women fifteen thousand years ago, though not, one hopes, in the twentieth century.

But a wolf single-handed has little courage to attack a human being. Creatures who, against all the laws of nature, go upright on two legs or travel behind fierce-looking animals with shouts and cracking of whips, still in an upright posture on the little raft which slides so quickly over the snow, naturally look uncanny to him. Our pursuer, though he followed us with a greedy look in his eyes for twenty minutes, abandoned us when the next village loomed in sight, and we saw him no more.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

ONCE THERE WERE FOOTPATHS

BY THOMAS MOULT

[Observer]

ONCE there were footpaths along the fields of Elden,
Windflower and wildflower patterned their green pavement,
Yellow gems, white gems, clustering in the clover,
And a cloud of birds like opal drifting over.

Brightly jeweled carpets lined those paths on Elden,
Even the sun grew dazzled in the hot gold hush of noontime.
And here and there across the blaze a scattered petal, blown
From the harvest pools of poppies, broken ruby burned alone.

But nobody crossed the stone-gray stile that marked the paths to Elden
(Except it was on Sunday, and a lass and her lover).
All through the moorland summer the people they passed by,
But no one took the field-paths, only the boy that was I.

Oh, my heart remembers where they led me over Elden,
I found a crooked cottage, I found a crooked shepherd . . .
And an old gaunt witch with a word that left me haunted! —
No more, no more those paths were mine, nor peace-enchanted.

She spoke of golden pavements past the colored paths of Elden,
Beyond the dale, beyond the hill, oh, truer wealth was waiting!
A fig for flowery carpets, the world would give me grander.
Farewell, my Peakland summertime, a richer season 's yonder!

Once there were footpaths . . .

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

FAME BY THE INCH

A SERIOUS-MINDED Englishman with a great deal of time on his hands has been studying the index of the British Museum Library in order to find out who are the most famous men in history. All this effort was rather a waste of time. It would have been much simpler to ask Mr. H. G. Wells, who would have cheerfully supplied a list, or even Mr. Bernard Shaw, who would have had no trouble at all in explaining whose name ought to head it; but the patient inquirer has chosen the laborious though irreproachably statistical method of counting the columns devoted to various eminent individuals in the index.

Shakespeare wins, which must be a bitter blow for Mr. Shaw. John Wesley brings up the end of the list, which includes fifty names. Milton is twelfth, Scott thirteenth, and Dickens fourteenth. Bunyan and Byron — no doubt to the mutual horror of their ghosts — stand side by side, Pope rates thirty, Tennyson forty-two, and Defoe forty-five. Among other names are Homer, — for our statistician is untroubled by critical doubts of the Wolffian variety, — Cicero, Vergil, Euripides, Sophocles, Petrarch, Xenophon, and Aristophanes.

*

A GOLDONI REVIVAL

AFTER a century of comparative neglect Carlo Goldoni would appear to be coming into his own. The first hint of the modern revival of interest in him was given when an English translation of four of his plays, with illustrations by Claude Lovat Fraser, appeared a year or so ago in London. Now he has once again reached the stage. In America the Harvard Dramatic Club gave *The Liar* as its winter production. In France *La Locandiera* was produced by the Moscow Art Theatre, several months ago, and their performance has been followed up with another at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, over which M. Copeau still holds sway.

M. Benjamin Crémieux, critic of *La Nouvelle Revue Française,* complains of some of the adaptation necessary in placing the old dramatist on the modern stage, and is not particularly pleased with the choice of play, which he says is not entirely adapted to giving the modern public much idea of what the old Italian is like, for *La Locandiera* is the least purely Goldonian of his comedies, and the one in which he comes nearest to French comedy.

A production of *Das Käsehaus* in the Deutschen Theater in Berlin draws a wail of protest from Herr Fritz Engel, the critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt,* who complains bitterly that foreigners and the mighty dead are crowding the modern German dramatists off the stage. Indeed, he is so stirred up over the sad fate of his contemporaries that he quite forgets to criticize Goldoni's play, being content to develop the theme of his first paragraph.

In this he points out that within two weeks twenty-five dramatists have been represented on various stages in Berlin, of whom twelve are foreigners and only thirteen German. Of these thirteen German playwrights only four are living and even these are fairly old men, who cannot be reckoned among dramatists of the day. Where are the younger German dramatists? inquires Herr Engel.

The recent productions of plays by

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George Kaiser and Fritz von Unruh ought to answer Herr Engel's question in part at least, even though they do not fall within the two weeks' period which he describes. And if the younger German dramatists actually do leave the Berlin stage vacant for a week or two, it is no great loss if they can find such excellent material as Goldoni's comedies to fill the gap.

✽

ADVERTISERS AND REVIEWERS

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER administers a bitter pill to book-reviewers in a recent number of the *Sphere*. Regarded though he often is as a malignant demon by roughly handled authors, the reviewer is nevertheless a gentle creature, especially in Great Britain, where there are many weeklies, all of which devote so much of their space to book-reviews that a man may find himself with from five to eight volumes to 'do' each week.

The reviewer has always consoled himself for the slenderness of his fees with the reflection that he is one in whose power it lies either to make or break the author. It is this faint comfort that the brutal Mr. Shorter snatches from him. Do reviews sell books? Not a bit of it. It is all a matter of advertising.

> Do reviews sell books? It has long been the opinion of the more astute among our publishers that they do nothing of the kind. There is, however, no rule without an exception, and it may be admitted that an isolated review in this or that newspaper, which calls attention to a book of well-defined characteristics, may enhance the sales of that work. Among London papers the *Times Literary Supplement* and the *Morning Post* have the finest literary criticism; yet I have known a really good book to be favorably, and indeed enthusiastically, reviewed in both journals without the publisher being able to sell a hundred copies.
>
> The fact is, a big 'spread' of reviews — column after column of formal criticism — repels rather than attracts the average newspaper-reader. . . . Yet your non-bookman, who has no library in the real sense, can quite easily be made to buy a book, particularly a novel, a biography, or a work of travel.
>
> The best of all ways to secure the sale of books is quite independent of the critics; it is by paid-for advertisement of a type that we now see a great deal, with some single 'opinion' — preferably of a public man, and not a professional critic — attached to the advertisement. Mr. Gladstone's enthusiastic comment on Marie Bashkirtsev's *Diary* did more for the sale of that book in England than all the reviews put together. If I were a publisher with a lot of capital, I should spend all my money on advertising, and send out no review copies — at least, that is what I would like to do.

✽

THE WEATHER AT DINGLEY DELL

SIR RICHARD GREGORY, the distinguished English scientist, pays tribute to the meteorological exactness of 'Christmas at Dingley Dell,' as described in the *Pickwick Papers*. Dingley Dell — or Cob Tree Manor as its original is actually called — has been very much to the fore in the news lately, since it became a centre for lion-breeding in Great Britain.

Sir Richard adds to the fame of that justly famous spot by showing that Dickens's description of the Christmas of 1830, the one that the Pickwick Club spent at Dingley Dell, is strictly in accord with the facts. In 1833 a book on the climate of London was published which gives the temperatures for the year 1830. On December 23 the minimum temperature was 16°, on the twenty-fourth it was 12°, on the twenty-fifth 17°, and on the twenty-sixth 23°. On Christmas Eve, while the assembled Pickwickians were the guests of Mr. Wardle in the Dingley Dell of Dickens's imagination, real snow was falling about the material

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Cob Tree Manor. It would be interesting to know whether this is a curious coincidence or another example of the accuracy of Dickens's memory.

✻

MOHAMMEDAN BALLETS IN PARIS

A SERIES of Mussulman ballets is announced for this spring at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. This is not to be the usual boulevard version of the gorgeous East, but a real interpretation by Eastern painters and modern poets. Nizam el Moulk, who is promoting the new project both financially and artistically, will design the scenes and the costumes, although the actual execution of the latter will be by Poiret. The music is Russian, but part of the book has been written by the Persian poet Djemal Khan. The ballets are to include Egyptian, Indian, and Persian dances.

SIR JAMES BARRIE AND HIS PLAYS

WITHIN a week or two, possibly even before these lines appear in print, Sir James Barrie will probably achieve a record in the English theatre. Four of his plays are already appearing in London. *What Every Woman Knows* is at the Apollo Theatre, *The Will* at the St. Martin's, and *The Little Minister* at the Queen's, while *Peter Pan* was revived at the Adelphi for Christmas, and a revival of *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* is in preparation. Sir James will then have five of his plays running simultaneously, which is a record for dramatists of the first rank.

It is a sad comment on the English theatre — though Americans are by no means in a position to point the finger of scorn — that the cheaper playwrights manage to find their way to the boards so much more easily than their betters; but so long as Sir James occupies five London theatres at once there is no immediate occasion for despair.

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AN ANCIENT CHRISTIAN TEXT

ALMOST as remarkable as the Egyptian discovery of the new Coptic manuscript of Saint John's Gospel is the recovery by Dr. Rendel Harris, curator of manuscripts in the John Rylands Library at Manchester, of what he believes to be a lost Christian book nearly as old as some of the books of the New Testament.

There are innumerable apocryphal books dealing with the events of the New Testament, but these are, for the most part, later than the four Gospels, which are regarded as canonical, and also later than the Book of Acts, which is the only Acts recognized by the Church as belonging to the sacred text.

If Dr. Harris is right, however, he has found a lost Christian book belonging to the second century. This is a treatise by Tatian, which scholars know to have existed but which was soon lost. Tatian was a 'Gospel harmonist par excellence of the second century,' and the document is his treatise on 'Perfection according to the Saviour,' an Armenian translation of which has been in print in the convent of St. Lazora, near Venice, since 1836. Attention has from time to time been drawn to it, although no one has realized that it was either ancient or important until Dr. Harris identified it with Tatian's work.

It is possible to quote extracts from Dr. Harris's discovery, which he discusses in the January number of the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library:* —

> And this that our Lord says: 'Who will be My Disciple, lo if he does not separate himself from all his possessions, he cannot be My Disciple.'
>
> And this again which our Lord has said: 'The Kingdom of Heaven is like a merchant-

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man, seeking costly pearls: and he found one costly and precious pearl, went, sold all his possessions, and bought it at a price.' This again He has spoken with regard to the Perfect Discipleship; for He is Himself the pearl and we are the merchants who have found Him.

And again, that which our Lord has said, that 'The Kingdom of Heaven is like a man, who has found a treasure in a field. For joy he went and sold all that he had, and bought it'; this, too, has He said again in regard to Perfect Discipleship: for He is Himself the Treasure which His Father has appointed for us.

And like as a physician who sees the wound, and knows by his lore what is the necessary medicine therefor, so also a wise physician of the Church knows from the Holy Scriptures, if he sees that the heart of anyone is broken and his spirit oppressed, what is the necessary medicine for him, to heal him, through comfort, of the pains of his soul. Like Moses, who became the leader, and with uprightness did lead, and became shepherd, and well did pasture, and became physician, and with wholesomeness did heal the people of Jacob; such a leader is proper to the office of leadership.

✻

CLASSICAL REMAINS IN YUGOSLAVIA

While workmen were digging the foundations of a church at Doiran in Southern Macedonia, they discovered marble columns of an ancient Greek temple and two well-preserved marble tablets bearing finely carved reliefs of six Greek gods. Being ignorant of the archæological value of what they had found, the workmen allowed the people to cart away much of it for building material, but through the efforts of the Archæological Society at Belgrade the missing portions are being collected and an effort is being made to recover the temple. Thanks to the Society's efforts, an enormous vase, so large that two men could stand inside it, has been unearthed, together with many human bones and a quantity of ancient coins. At Mitrovica in Slavonia, on the site of the old Roman town of Sirmium, two Roman graves have been found, probably of the third century.

The Balkan Peninsula offers almost a virgin field to excavators, which the Archæological Society now hopes to exploit. During the coming year they will probably study the twelfth-century remains near Gradsko on the Vardar River, and the Government will investigate the Monastery of Saint Michel, where it is hoped to find the tomb of the famous Serbian ruler, Tsar Stefan Dushan.

✻

WHERE THE WAR STARTED

The world has had such a bad time trying to recover from the effects of Serajevo that it has quite forgotten that fatal little town — all the world, that is, except the Serbian Government, which, when it occupied its new territory, demolished the monument which had been erected to commemorate the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand.

The only memorial left is a little group of plastered-over bullet-holes in the house opposite the scene of the assassinations. The monument, after it was taken down, was stored in a small room in the museum at Serajevo. Here lie scattered blocks of stone, among which the most interesting is a great stone medallion with portraits in relief of the murdered Archduke and Archduchess. There is also a block of stone on which the words 'June, 1914,' stand out in ominous gold lettering, and the two great metal crowns with which the monument was surmounted still survive.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Poland and Peace, by Count Skrzynski. London: Allen and Unwin, 1923. 6*s*. net.

[*English Review*]

An authoritative book on Poland was badly needed, and this little work should be welcome to all interested in the stupendous problem of post-war Europe. The author was Foreign Minister in the late Polish Government, which incidentally is the alternative to the existing reconstituted Government whose standing majority is under twenty, so that considerable importance attaches to Count Skrzynski's words. He comes out as a peacemaker — a statesman conscious that Poland cannot hope to live as the sworn foe of Germany and Russia. His leanings are Anglophile. His whole policy may be summed up in his conclusion — which lies in finding a European basis of economic and political concord.

The significance of this temperate estimate of the place of new Poland in Europe consists in its readiness to cut loose from Polish subserviency to France, who sees in Poland merely a military weapon for the furtherance of her own militarist ends; and here the Count is definite. He plumps for a pacific policy. He claims for Poland the rôle of intermediary between East and West. The future of Poland must obviously depend upon the factor of peace. If her policy is to be just the other end of France, as in Napoleon's days, then her fate is indeed dubious but if; she can acquire independence and come to working terms with her two great neighbors, Poland should have a future, for she is self-contained and has an exportable surplus of coal, salt, textiles, wood and oil, foodstuffs and cereals, pigs and eggs, and so forth.

In this volume the internal difficulties are presented and summarized, and the Jewish and minority problems are bravely faced. It is the work of a statesmanlike mind, sincerely conscious of responsibility, which sees in friendship with Britain a basis for sanity and continuity. If we still possess any statesmanship, we should consider this clear statement of policy both for what it is worth to us and to Europe. For, in truth, Poland is a key position. If Poland abandons militarism, the French Ruhr policy will fail. This is axiomatic, Poland being the eastern end of the Rhine policy. To ignore Poland at this juncture is a fatal mistake on our part. It enables France to ignore British interests, and eventually it will bring dire misfortune upon Poland. All this is strictly brought out in this valuable little treatise by a man who any day may again be Polish Foreign Minister.

Awakening Palestine, by various authors. Edited by Leon Simon and Leonard Stein. London: John Murray, 1923. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

The editors of this book have accomplished a valuable piece of work in bringing together a number of thoughtful papers by authoritative writers on various aspects of the practical realization of Zionist policy. The political, economic, and intellectual aspects of the question are discussed not only with sympathy but with a fullness of knowledge born of prolonged study and experience, and the reader is thus placed in the position of acquiring a proper appreciation of a many-sided theme.

Sir Alfred Mond, who writes on 'The Palestinian Problem,' points out the mischief that must arise from attempting to sow the seeds of conflict between the Arabs and the Jews in Palestine, and the benefit that must accrue to the non-Jewish population from the industrious labors of the Jewish element. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald gives some vivid descriptions of the new Jewish settlers at work in their farm-settlements and on the roads, and pays a tribute to their diligence and perseverance in turning the waste places of the land into flourishing estates.

Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, with his well-written paper on 'England's Interest in Palestine,' proves how vital it is for the safeguarding of British interests in the Near East that the policy embodied in the Palestine Mandate shall be maintained intact. The book contains some valuable appendices, an up-to-date map, and an index, and can be warmly recommended to all those desirous of extending and deepening their knowledge of a question of ever-growing importance.

At the Old Bailey, by Charles Kingston. London: Stanley Paul, 1923.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

In these pages Mr. Charles Kingston gives us the history of the Old Bailey, its tragedies, its comedies, the wit of judges, the repartees of famous barristers, the inexhaustible annals of that most cosmopolitan rendezvous in the world — the Rogues' Gallery. The book is based not only on familiar knowledge of the famous Criminal Court as seen, so to speak, from the front of the stage, but on a considerable knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes. 'There is an ancient sinner,' he tells us, 'touring the cells and cheaper lodging-houses of London whose proud boast is that he made the reputations and fortunes of several leading counsel, including Rufus Isaacs

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(now Lord Reading and Viceroy of India), Sir Edward Marshall Hall, and Sir Edward Carson (now a peer and a Lord of Appeal).' This crook, on his own authority, was the man on whom young barristers rose to fame, and he complained to the author, 'They ought to keep me, they ought, but all my letters remain unanswered. A blinkin' shime, I calls it.'

A Popular History of English Poetry, by T. Earle Welby. London: Philpot, 1923. *5s.*

['Librarian' in the *Saturday Review*]

LET me recommend very heartily *A Popular History of English Poetry,* by T. Earle Welby. It is not a textbook; it is the work of a man who has read our literature for himself, and has written down his own impressions, not those of a selected band of predecessors. I was at first rather unfavorably disposed toward it owing to a silly statement on the wrapper, for which the author is not, of course, responsible — 'The only one-volume history of English poetry' — when there are dozens of others, beginning with the great name of Thomas Warton. But the first pages reassured me — here was a man who knew what had been written about his subject, and had thought about it himself. There are, as is to be expected, many points on which one would like to hear more from him. For instance, I think he undervalues what we may call Anglo-Saxon influence on our poetry. Not on form, — there it had none, — but as soon as our poetry took shape the peculiar spirit of Anglo-Saxon poetry begins to mould its matter.

The Street of the Eye, by Gerald Bullett. London: The Bodley Head, 1923. *7s. 6d.*

[*To-Day*]

MR. BULLETT'S ten stories are very various in theme and temper, but all are marked by notable literary ability, and by a scrupulous literary conscience. Conscience, though of another sort, and the dreadful dance which it may lead its slaves, are among Mr. Bullett's preoccupations; they are the motive of the powerful story which gives his book its title and the grotesque little invention of 'The Mole.' More generally speaking, he is interested in the byways of human psychology, and his imagination is touched with the grotesque and the macabre. When he is ironical he is inclined to be a little obvious, as in 'A Sensitive Man' and 'Wedding Day'; but in 'Sleeping Beauty' there is a finer irony and something more — a sense of sheer beauty which is the other side, the necessary complement, of his sense of the bottomless horror to which unbalanced life may become a prey.

Poems, by Katherine Mansfield. London: Constable and Co., New York: Knopf, 1923. $2.50.

[*Manchester Guardian Weekly*]

KATHERINE MANSFIELD was primarily a novelist, yet her verses are anything but a novelist's verses. The novelist's tendency is to use verse epigrammatically, to distill into a few lines the lesson of the life of which he has described the detail extensively in prose. His style, in consequence, is apt to be pithy and tight, and his attitude to be that of the craftsman rather than of the artist, for he can scarcely avoid a shifting of material, an adapting of æsthetic experience to ends other than those which originally produced it. Katherine Mansfield's poetry is always an artist's poetry, and the fact that verse is an art with which she was relatively unfamiliar, instead of prompting her to give her work a conventional finish or to pack it with irrelevancies, drove her to an extreme sacrifice of obvious experience and obvious forms of expression. She was content to sketch her poetical intention in a few suggestive phrases and leave its interpretation to those who could penetrate to the soul immediately; and even when she uses rhyme and metre she contrives to give them an absolutely individual turn.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

* * * . *As They Are* (*Ceux qui nous menent*). Translated by Winifred Katzin. New York: Knopf, 1923. $2.50.

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE. *The Cloud That Lifted* and *The Power of the Dead.* Translated by F. M. Atkinson. London: Methuen, 1923. *7s. 6d.*

BOOKS MENTIONED

GOLDONI, CARLO. *Mein Leben und Mein Theater.* Neue deutsche Übertragung von Lola Lorme. Budapest: Rikola Verlag, 1923.

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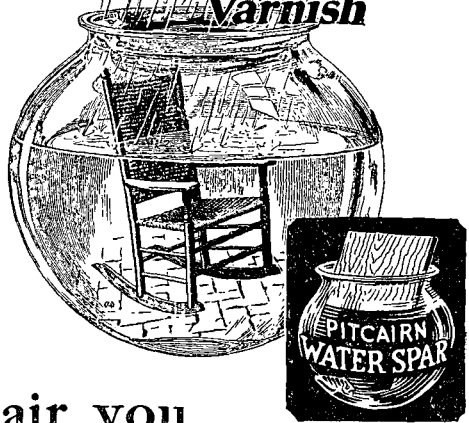

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